CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE NATION

JUNE 17, 1978 60 cents

THE FBI's WILDEST DREAM
Memo Reveals Identity of 'Very Able Fellow' Selected by Hoover's Lieutenants to Displace Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Hiss/Weinstein File
CORRESPONDENCE ON THE CASE AND THE BOOK

Imagining the Holocaust
Saul Maloff

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
JUN 12 1978
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

RUTH LEGER SIVARD
The World's Skewed Priorities

SOCIAL COSTS AND THE ARMS RACE

How Democratic Is Spain?
A MIME TROUP[illegible] REGIME
Sta[illegible]

14737 AG2
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
E ORANGE NJ 07019
1278

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

California Earthquake

The vote on the Jarvis-Gann initiative, Proposition 13 (see *The Nation*, June 3, for details), is a political earthquake the tremors of which will be felt in every state. But the "message" this amendment to the state constitution has flashed to politicians—local, state and federal—is more significant than the measure itself.

California was ideal terrain for staging a taxpayers' revolt. A handy device for the purpose was available in the form of the state initiative, referendum and recall statute: one of the first to be adopted. In addition, property taxes for homeowners have risen faster and more disastrously in California than elsewhere and the state has an exceptionally large number of homeowners. People have sought to acquire property as a hedge against inflation and that has driven up values. Some communities have adopted so-called "no-growth" ordinances, the effect of which has been boom times in the housing market. And rich foreigners—Japanese, Europeans, Arabians, Mexicans, Canadians, Australians, Taiwanese, Iranians and others—have been investing heavily in California commercial, agricultural and residential property. For these and other reasons, assessments have dramatically increased, thus producing painful increases in taxes.

At the same time, inflation has increased income and sales tax revenues, so that the state has been sitting on a $5 billion surplus, while individuals dependent on salaries and fixed incomes have been wondering how to save their homes: a truly nutty, perverse, upside-down situation. But Governor Brown and the legislature were slow to read the message implicit in the facts, and found it difficult to agree on just what to do with the surplus and how it might be rebated or used to lower taxes. Jarvis and Gann, choosing their moment shrewdly, went out with a measly $28,000 and almost overnight secured more than a million signatures to their initiative petitions.

Then—and only then—did Brown and the legislature snap to attention. A measure was quickly adopted which was clearly designed to sabotage Proposition 13, but this precipitous action merely confirmed the average taxpayer's feeling that an across-the-board tax cut was not all that difficult to bring off. To cap it all, a week or so before the election, the County Assessor in Los Angeles released figures on next year's property assessments, an action which had an effect similar to that of starting a brush fire in the Sierra Madre Mountains in the dry season.

So the California taxpayers' revolt, which had been brewing for more than a decade, suddenly exploded. But what precisely is the message? First, that taxes on owner-occupied homes are outrageously high, verging on confiscation-by-installment for those on fixed incomes. However, thousands who voted for Jarvis-Gann did not necessarily approve of the measure but wanted to vent their indignation not merely at high taxes but at politicians in general. Many of them even voted against their own economic interest to register this protest. The vote for Proposition 13, therefore, reflects a rebellion against what is regarded as indefensible government spending, a constant increase in public payrolls, and steadily rising pensions for public employees.

Then, too, homeowners and renters alike were angry over the blackmail tactics used to discourage support of Proposition 13; threats, for example, to adopt various "doomsday" measures if it were to pass. Oakland's "employee license fee," or so-called "occupational tax," recently upheld by the state Supreme Court, was widely cited as one such measure. It would impose a 1 percent tax on wages and salaries in excess of $6,500 earned for work performed within the city, regardless of where the worker lives. Wages earned by Oakland residents who work outside the city would not be subject to the tax nor would the wages of domestics. And, of course, unearned income—dividends, interest and capital gains—would not be taxed.

The adoption of Proposition 13 is readily understandable against this background. But cheers should be withheld, at least for the time being, to see just what the consequences may be. Governor Brown, who started out calling Proposition 13 "a can of worms," gradually softened his criticism as it became clear that the measure would be adopted by a large vote. He has said that new state taxes will not be imposed to replace the lost revenue. And even should he change his mind, it would be difficult for him, in the middle of his campaign for a second term, to secure new state taxes, since the initiative requires for that a two-thirds vote of the legislature and all eighty Assembly and twenty of forty Senate seats are up for election this year. Moreover, Brown's political stock has been slipping this year and he has been criticized for not having acted sooner to head off Jarvis-Gann. Actually, the measure is likely to shift rather than reduce taxes and in the end it may disappoint some of its partisans. "We will make do," the Governor bravely states. "We are a pioneer state. People will cut their own grass." But of course none of these "pioneers" will relish a cut in services or an increase in local taxes.

But there is another dimension to the situation that looms up not merely in California but in many other states. The message of Proposition 13 is that the middle class is angry. Theo Wilson quotes in the New York *Daily News* from a letter that appeared in the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* (which incidentally supported Proposition 13), saying Jarvis-Gann represents "the Watts Riots of the white middle class." That is not far from the mark. Until now the economic establishment has been able to finesse the squeeze of continuing inflation by imposing a large part of the burden on the "subclass" that has emerged in American society: ghetto blacks, the chronically unemployed and unemployable, the down-and-outers—not that they pay taxes but that they have been denied the assistance to which they are entitled. They too have revolted but in their own way: with bank robberies, stickups, burglaries, assaults and an increase in arson. But now what happens if the establishment must also cope with a widespread revolt of the middle class, or what William Safire calls "The New Poor"? If its pressing problems aren't solved—and one may doubt that they will be—isn't it likely that their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The editors announce with pleasure that Carey McWilliams will be contributing a column to *The Nation* on a fortnightly basis.

rage will increase and might this not lead in time to the demand for "a man on horseback" to take charge and perform the miracles it expects?

Of course, middle-class taxpayers are right to be disgusted with the present state of affairs and tough action is indeed needed, but the kind that may eventually emerge may be less than benign. It may be desirable to force the adoption of measures similar to Proposition 13. But although their grievances are real, middle-class homeowners are looking in the wrong direction. Social services are essential, this is an increasingly complex society and the needs of the poor cannot be ignored forever while corporations continue to rake in profits and federal funds are wasted on senseless defense spending.

Today's politicians are not alone responsible for this state of affairs; it reflects the follies and extravagances of thirty years of cold war. Years ago Thomas Mann pointed out that it was during the inflation that the Germans forgot to rely on themselves as individuals and learned to expect everything from "politics" and "the state"—from destiny. "Inflation," he wrote, "is a tragedy that makes a whole people cynical, hard-hearted and indifferent." The circumstances are different, but the effects of inflation are not dissimilar here: witness the lack of morale, the extent of corporate corruption at high levels, the shoddy behavior of too many politicians, the wastage of federal funds, and the hard-boiled way—to cite a single example—in which New York City schemes to pay its bankers and lenders while civic facilities decay and the city's poor pick food from garbage cans. The vote on Proposition 13 does indeed flash a message; for it also carries a warning that should, but probably won't, be heeded. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Uncertain Trumpet

President Carter *had* to make a speech that attempted a coherent view of United States foreign policy. The past month has been marked by a degree of incoherence on issues great and small that is extraordinary even for an administration whose thrust, or drift, has always been hard to discern. But the message sent out over the white-capped heads of the midshipmen at Annapolis was hardly one to reassure the passengers on this ship of state that we will be on a steady course for very long or even that we are on the right heading now.

It was a sort of tough straddle, a mixture of hard and soft lines and therefore fuzzed. Its attempt to reconcile the splits in his own entourage (reflected with astonishing accuracy in Moscow's instant reaction) leaves the Carter policy in its usual state of ambiguity. It was moderate only in that it was bound to disappoint his administration's own clashing factions, both doves and hawks.

The President had not been exactly mute on all these issues even before the Annapolis address. In fact, he has been speaking up all the time, but the remarkable thing

IN THIS ISSUE

June 17, 1978

EDITORIALS

714 California Earthquake — *Carey McWilliams*
715 The Uncertain Trumpet
716 The FBI's Wildest Dream — *Victor Navasky*

ARTICLES

718 The Hiss/Weinstein File: Warren Hinckle, Alden Whitman, Cushing Strout, William A. Reuben, Jeff Kisseloff, Sender Garlin, A.B. Magil, Hope Hale Davis, Helen L. Buttenwieser, Philip Nobile
724 How Democratic Is Spain? A Mime Troupe Tests the Regime — *Stanley Meisler*
727 Teen-Age Pregnancy: Carter Half Sees the Problem — *Andrew Cherlin*
730 The World's Skewed Priorities: Social Costs and the Arms Race — *Ruth Leger Sivard*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

733 Kanfer: The Eighth Sin — *Saul Maloff*
734 Rorem: An Absolute Gift — *Ben Sonnenberg*
735 Martin: The Final Conclave — *Jack Miles*
738 Stoddard: The Hospice Movement — *Carol Bly*
738 Juggler (poem) — *Lucien Stryk*
740 Mankiewicz and Swerdlow: Remote Control — *David Kirby*
741 Films — *Robert Hatch*
742 Indigenous Music — *Nat Hentoff*

Editor VICTOR NAVASKY
Publisher HAMILTON FISH
Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH
Literary Editor ELIZABETH POCHODA
Contributing Editor BLAIR CLARK

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Advertising Manager, SUSAN ELLEN HEITLER; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER.

Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and copyright 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign. Foreign subscriptions: equivalent U.S. funds.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 226 No. 23*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that he has been just one voice, and not always the dominant one, in the babble about Africa, SALT and détente. Of course it is he who decides what is to be done, in some kind of harmony with Congress on the major questions, but that is not to say that Carter's voice has yet been decisive. He has, for example, got himself heavily involved in the cloudy dispute over the extent of Cuban responsibility for the rebel infiltration of the Shaba Province of Zaire, taking the hard-line view.

The Cuban involvement is essentially peripheral, not an issue that should occupy much of the American President's attention. Yet it does, as the administration goes on trying to prove that, without the intervention in Africa of our tiny Caribbean neighbor, none of these unpleasant things would be happening. (By all accounts, the testimony of Admiral Turner of the CIA before the House Intelligence Committee on June 5 was less than conclusive—aerial photographs of Cuban ships in Angolan ports and a pastiche of circumstantial accounts of the training of Shaba's rebels are what the House committee was offered, lacking the evidentiary value of the "Cuban cigar butt" on Zairean soil, in the sarcastic comment of Defense Secretary Brown.) Cuba's role, in the Washington perspective, is as the twister of the lion's tail, an almost intolerable affront to great-power dignity.

The voice that has emerged most clearly, and loudly, from the discord within the administration is that of Zbigniew Brzezinski. The National Security Adviser has adopted a strident tone as a way of differentiating himself from the rest of the tenors, and particularly from the Secretary of State. Vance is generally portrayed by the "do-something" faction as an accommodator, even a compromiser, on the large issues that define our confrontation with the Communists in this period that Brezhnev in Prague described as "chilly" or "lukewarm war." Secretary Vance seems, however discreetly, to doubt the wisdom of a convulsive reaction to the events in Africa, to question the timing of waving the "China card" in front of the Russians—which was the aim of Brzezinski's visit to Peking—and he persists in the vigorous pursuit of a SALT agreement before Brezhnev leaves the scene and that chance fades.

Brzezinski, on the other hand, is apparently afflicted with fewer of these scruples. He lacks even the "nuances" so dear to the heart of his envied predecessor, Kissinger, in his strictures on the Soviet Union. Kissinger now sneers at "the ridiculous myth of the invincible Cubans," though he does not say how "one overcomes" it, while his successor takes a hard, cold line against what he might well call, again, "worldwide communism" on all its fronts.

Of all the voices in the Carter chorus that of U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young is perhaps the clearest and most sensible, especially on Africa. In an interesting interview in *U.S. News and World Report* (June 12), Young differentiates between the need for "concern" about developments in Africa and a reaction of "panic," of which, he says, "I'm afraid." He takes the long view of the African problem as it affects the West, knowing that the continent is in for a long period of turbulence and that there are no quick ways around that.

He points out that the American connection with Africa is "much more economic than it is strategic." As an illustration of that concept, he responds to a question about a proposal from one faction within the Carter administration for a "covert operation by the CIA to bleed the Cubans in Angola" with the brief comment that "you bleed the Cubans and you destroy Gulf Oil in Angola." (Here he clearly has in mind not the welfare of that particular corporation but the fact that the Cabinda oil field operated by Gulf provides much of Angola's foreign exchange, and that this asset is guarded by Cuban troops from destruction by the warring guerrilla factions in Angola.) As for the prospects for SALT, which Carter maintains is not on the back burner or in the deep freeze because of Russian aggressiveness, Young simply notes that a new strategic arms limitation treaty "is very definitely in our interest."

Does the President truly agree with that view or does his speech contain so many hedges and obscure "linkages" that nothing is yet clear? Coherence of United States policy may have been approached at Annapolis but it is yet to be attained.

THE FBI's WILDEST DREAM

VICTOR NAVASKY

By now the FBI's campaign against Martin Luther King has been devastatingly documented.

The Church Committee told us how the bureau used every intelligence-gathering technique at its disposal to obtain information about the "private activities" of Dr. King and his advisers to "completely discredit" them.

We have learned through release of the Freedom of Information Act documents and other revelations how the FBI—responding to the late J. Edgar Hoover's obsession—tried to destroy King's marriage and perhaps attempted to drive him to suicide by threatening to release a tape recording made from microphones hidden in his hotel rooms.

We have read portions of one incredible FBI memorandum after another, including one from the bureau's Domestic Intelligence Division which concluded that his "demagogic speech" at the August 1963 March on Washington established him as the "most dangerous and effective Negro leader in the country."

But perhaps the most menacing memorandum is one which until now has been quoted only in fragments, a memorandum written within days after *Time* named Dr. King as its Man of the Year. On January 8, 1964, according to the Church Committee report, Assistant FBI Director William Sullivan sent a memorandum about King to another Hoover assistant, Alan Belmont. The Church summary: "The FBI decided to 'take him off his pedestal,' 'reduce him completely in influence,' and select and promote its own candidate to 'assume the role of the leadership of the Negro people.'"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aside from two or three partial paragraphs, we were not told what the rest of the memorandum said, and more intriguing, just who it was the FBI was grooming to replace the charismatic and prophetic Dr. King. But these questions were overlooked in the preoccupation with the FBI's arrogant assumption that it knew best, that it had the sensitivity, intelligence, capacity and/or mandate, not to mention the authority, to nominate and elect the next leader of black America.

A few weeks ago the FBI released, under the Freedom of Information Act, another memorandum, this one dated December 1, 1964, from bureau functionary J.A. Sizoo to Sullivan, which on the surface appeared to suggest that the FBI and a black leader had worked together in an attempt to eliminate the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Rumors floated that the leader was Roy Wilkins. What the rumors ignored is the nature of such FBI memorandums which were routinely written not so much to report the truth as to please the Director, to make a record, to compromise the interviewee. My own reading of the document accords with that of Tom Wicker, who concluded that in November 1964, the executive director of the NAACP, Roy Wilkins, "intervened with the bureau to stop its attacks on Dr. King, which Mr. Wilkins felt were damaging the civil rights movement," and that the bureau tried to use this intervention to destroy not only the reputation of Dr. King but that of Mr. Wilkins as well.

Now, however, *The Nation* has come into possession of the original January 8, 1964 memorandum from

To: Mr. A.H. Belmont

Date: January 8, 1964

From: Mr. W.C. Sullivan

Subject: Samuel Riley Pierce, Jr.
280 Park Ave.
New York 17, NY
Attorney-at-law

1—Mr. Belmont
1—Mr. Mohr
1—Mr. DeLoach
1—Mr. Sullivan
1—Mr. J.A. Sizoo
1—Mr. D.E. Moore
(*Deletion*)
1—Mr. R.W. Smith

We know that Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King (*deletion, deletion*) represents a very real security problem to this country. In addition to (*deletion*), Dr. King, as we know, for some time now has been (*deletion*). Apart from the security factor, he is a disgrace to the Negro people of this country because of his (*deletion*) while at the same time purporting to be a minister of the gospel. Obviously he has the capacity to deceive people very successfully. This was made evident most recently by his being selected by *Time* magazine as the Man of the Year.

Further, we know that he has been able to cleverly deceive both very important Protestant and Catholic organizations, securing thereby support from them which gives him added stature. It should be very clear to all of us that Martin Luther King must, at some propitious point in the future, be revealed to the people of this country and to his Negro followers as being what he actually is—a fraud, demagogue and moral scoundrel. When the true facts concerning his activities are presented, such should be enough, if handled properly, to take him off his pedestal and to reduce him completely in influence so that he will no longer be a security problem and no longer will be deceiving and misleading the Negro people.

When this is done, and it can be and will be done, obviously much confusion will reign, particularly among the Negro people. There will be embarrassment, frustration, confusion, resentment, et cetera. Because of this and the emotional reaction that will set in, it is not unlikely that movements like the Nation of Islam could benefit greatly. Further, other ridiculous developments similar to the Old Father Devine and Daddy Grace organizations may appear. The Negroes will be left without a national leader of sufficiently compelling personality to steer them in the proper direction. This is what could happen, but need not happen if the right kind of a national Negro leader could at this time be gradually developed so as to overshadow Dr. King and be in the position to assume the role of the leadership of the Negro people when King has been completely discredited.

For some months I have been thinking about this matter. One day I had an opportunity to explore this from a philosophical and sociological standpoint with (*deletion*) whom I have known for some years. As I previously reported, (*deletion*) is a very able fellow, (*deletion*), and one on whom I can rely. I asked (*deletion*) to give the matter some attention and if he knew any Negro of outstanding intelligence and ability let me know and we would have a discussion. (*deletion*) has submitted to me the name of the above-captioned person, (*deletion*).

Enclosed with this memorandum is an outline of (*deletion*) biography which is truly remarkable for a man so young, having been born (*deletion*), 1932. On scanning this biography, it will be seen that (*deletion*) does have all the qualifications of the kind of a Negro I have in mind to advance to positions of national leadership. I won't go into all his accomplishments and qualifications in this memorandum, for it will only take a minute or two to scan the enclosed biography.

On first blush I know it can be said it is not the concern of the Bureau what happens to the Negroes when Martin Luther King has been discredited. This can be said, but I think it is a very short-sighted view. It is our concern if large numbers of them go into the Nation of Islam and other extremist groups with which we are concerned as an investigative agency. It is our concern if the Communist Party would be able to capitalize upon this confusion. Further, from a positive and constructive standpoint it would be of great advantage to have leading the Negro people a truly brilliant, honorable and loyal Negro who would steer the 20 million Negroes away from communism. I think in a very sound sense this necessarily must be of great interest to us. It would be most helpful to have a man like (*deletion*) leading the Negroes to whom we could go, if necessary, and rely upon in sensitive matters over which this Bureau has jurisdiction.

I want to make it clear at once that I don't propose that the FBI in any way become involved openly as the sponsor of a Negro leader to overshadow Martin Luther King. As far as I am concerned, this is not an issue at all. But I do propose that I be given permission to explore further this entire matter with (*deletion*) and any other person known to both (*deletion*) and myself who could be helpful. If this thing can be set up properly without the Bureau in any way becoming directly involved, I think it would be not only a great help to the FBI but would be a fine thing for the country at large. While I am not specifying at the moment, there are various ways in which the FBI could give this entire matter the proper direction and development. There are highly placed conatcts of the FBI who might be very helpful to further such a step. These can be discussed in detail later when I have probed more fully into the possibilities.

RECOMMENDATION

(*1*) For the information of the Director.

(*2*) That approval be given for me to explore this whole matter in greater detail, as set forth above.

WCS [penned]

OK H. [penned]

(See biography outlined enclosed—WCS [penned])

ADDENDUM 1/9/64, WCS (*deletion*)

Mr. (*deletion*) has been investigated by the Bureau as a Departmental Applicant for the position of (*deletion, deletion*), and no derogatory information of any kind was developed. The investigation showed, as does the biography, that he has a remarkably fine record. W.C. Sullivan

I am glad to see that "light" has finally, though dismally delayed, come to the Domestic Int. Div. I struggled for months to get over the fact the Communists were taking over the racial movement but our experts here couldn't or wouldn't see it. H. [penned]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sullivan to Belmont, the one referred to but never released by the Church Committee on the bureau's attempt to knock King "off his pedestal." The memorandum, reproduced on the previous page, reveals at last the FBI's candidate to replace Dr. King and the revelation is, to say the least, a surprise.

Stokely Carmichael, Bob Moses, Andrew Young, Whitney Young, James Farmer, Thurgood Marshall, Wilkins and the other civil rights leaders of the day don't even rate an honorable mention. After all, Sullivan points out, once King is gone, "The Negroes will be left without a national leader of sufficiently compelling personality to steer them in a proper direction. This is what could happen, but need not happen if the right kind of a national Negro leader could at this time be gradually developed so as to overshadow Dr. King and be in the position to assume the role of the leadership of the Negro people when King has been completely discredited."

Who is the "very able fellow" Sullivan came up with, the "truly remarkable man" (whose birthdate is mistyped as 1932, when in fact it was 1922), the man who "does have all of the qualifications of the kind of a Negro . . . to advance to positions of national leadership"?

Samuel R. Pierce, Jr., that's who. Judge Pierce had (and presumably still has) impeccable credentials for the world in which he worked. A member of the Park Avenue law firm of Battle, Fowler, Stokes and Kheel, a former General Sessions judge, Assistant District Attorney in New York County and Assistant United States Attorney, a Republican, the only black member of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division, Phi Beta Kappa and a football star at Cornell, he went on to serve in the Nixon administration as General Counsel to the U.S. Treasury Department, to join the executive board of the Boy Scouts of America and to be the first black to sit on two corporate boards of directors, Prudential Life and General Electric.

Had he ever marched in a demonstration, sat in, written a desegregation brief, signed a civil rights petition? What qualities did the blacks want in a leader and why did Dr. King's noble humility inspire and stir a generation? Who knew, and more important, who cared? Certainly not William Sullivan and Alan Belmont and definitely not their superior, J. Edgar Hoover, who scrawled at the bottom of Sullivan's memorandum: "I am glad to see that 'light' has finally, though dismally delayed, come to the Domestic Int. Div. I struggled for months to get over the fact the Communists were taking over the racial movement but our experts here couldn't or wouldn't see it. H."

One presumes that Judge Pierce—who told me, "I don't know anything about it; this is the first I've heard"—didn't have an inkling of what was on the bureau's mind, that they never approached him nor he them, obviously, and that his "candidacy" was Sullivan's fantasy. And one assumes that between the time of Sullivan's 1964 memorandum and Dr. King's death in 1968, many other "nominees" were put forward for the post of the FBI's black messiah designate. But this much one knows—that an organization which would consider this ultra-establishmentarian corporate lawyer to succeed Dr. King was hopelessly out of touch with the world it was supposed to be monitoring, that the FBI lived by its stereotypes and only adjusted them to fit the Director's prejudices, and that its *agent provocateurism* when not violent was comic.

J. Edgar Hoover and Martin Luther King are both dead, but our secret police agency lives on, still uncontrolled by new legislation, despite promises of Attorneys General, Presidents and leaders of the Congress. As Coretta King herself wrote, "Martin Luther King, Jr.'s unfinished work on earth must truly be our own." □

THE HISS/WEINSTEIN FILE

The letters which follow, selected from among the mass of mail we received regarding Weinstein-on-Hiss, constitute something of an informal interim report on the case, the book and the lawsuit against Weinstein, his publisher and possibly The New Republic.

WARREN HINCKLE

Sam Krieger, a Communist Party organizer for three decades, lives today in a quiet house on a quiet street in Rohnert Park, Calif., where Allen Weinstein came to visit him in 1974. Five weeks later, Krieger received a strange letter that—as he now looks back on it—began the noise in his life.

The letter was from Isaac Don Levine, the lay pope of American professional anti-communism, and its message was bewildering. Levine wrote that Krieger's "adopted little daughter, Natasha" had arrived in America from the Soviet Union and was anxious to be reunited with him. It was obvious that Levine thought Sam Krieger was Clarence Miller, a leader of the 1929 Gastonia textile strike who, with six comrades, fled to Russia (against the wishes of the American party leadership) to avoid serving a seventeen-to-twenty-year term for a second-degree murder conviction arising out of strike violence in Gastonia. The red-haired Miller was installed in a comfortable Moscow apartment and taught political classes. He became known as the Red Professor. He also came to know the mother of a little girl named Natasha.

Sam Krieger wrote Isaac Don Levine that he was barking up the wrong Clarence Miller. That was in 1974. He never heard another word.

In *Perjury*, Krieger, who back in the 1920s recruited Chambers into the party, is identified as the fiery textile strike leader who "fled to the Soviet Union" under the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name Clarence Miller. This serves Weinstein's melodrama by making Chambers's recruiter a more sinister and important figure in the party than the lowly Sam Krieger who was at that time the circulation manager of the Yonkers (N.Y.) *Statesman*.

Who, then, were Weinstein's sources on Krieger/Miller? When I called him, he said one was "a woman who heads a refugee program in New York." Weinstein did not give me her name. She had given Krieger's address to a mysterious Russian woman: "she told me the young woman found him and they had a sad reunion," Weinstein said. He sounded genuinely moved. I told him that Krieger said there had been no such visit. He shrugged over the phone.

The other source, he said, was an "anti-Communist journalist." Was he Isaac Don Levine, I asked. "Why yes, it was," he said. I told the professor that I had talked to his source just that morning and that Levine had said it was Weinstein who had told *him* Krieger was Miller, not vice versa.

There was a silence on the phone. "That's weird," Weinstein said. "Well I have what he said in my notes. It's all here. You're welcome to come look at them."

I wrote an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* reporting Isaac Don Levine's recantation and the statements of two men, Alden Whitman and Sender Garlin, who had known both Krieger and Clarence Miller back then and said that there wasn't a ghost of a chance that the two were the same. Bridgeport police records supported Krieger's assertion that he was arrested for party work in Bridgeport in 1934—when Clarence Miller was in Russia.

If Weinstein is right in his repeated identification of Krieger as Miller, then Sam Krieger is a fugitive from justice and a murderer.

On May 24, Sam Krieger filed suit against Allen Weinstein in U.S. District Court in San Francisco, seeking general, punitive and special damages. In addition to demanding $1 million from Alfred A. Knopf, Weinstein's publisher, the suit asked the court to enjoin Knopf from identifying Krieger as Miller in any future printing of *Perjury* and demands that errata slips be sent by the publisher to bookstores throughout the country to be inserted in copies already bound.

Krieger asks damages of $2 million for Weinstein's statements in *The New Republic* that he has Krieger "on tape" not denying that he was Clarence Miller. Krieger said he told Weinstein exactly the opposite, on tape. In addition, Krieger says that Weinstein gratuitously misquoted his opinions about Hiss and Chambers in *The New Republic*.

Krieger's lawyers are Doris Walker of Oakland and John Clancy of San Francisco, who has represented the Esalen Foundation and Hunter S. Thompson. Clancy said that *The New Republic* had been given sixty days to retract Weinstein's statements about Krieger. If they refuse, the magazine will be named as a defendant, Clancy said.

"These false statements," says the suit, "are libelous on their face and clearly expose the plaintiff to hatred, contempt, ridicule, shame, fear and loathing, in that a convicted murderer who has fled to avoid serving his sentence is not viewed as your ordinary good neighbor."

ALDEN WHITMAN

In one of his defenses of *Perjury*, Allen Weinstein rounded on me as a "recanter" on the apparent ground that I had told Victor Navasky I could not remember talking with Priscilla Hiss's former sister-in-law in 1974 about whether Mrs. Hiss had denounced her husband at a 1968 dinner party. Weinstein thereupon quoted in part from a letter he says I sent him in late 1974.

When I retired from *The New York Times* two years ago and moved out of New York, my files on the Chambers/Hiss case were irretrievably dispersed. Noting this fact, I wrote Weinstein on May 12 asking for Xerox copies of all my private letters and memorandums in his possession. I offered to pay the costs of copying. In view of Weinstein's repeated professions of scholarly openness, such a request should have been honored. I was not totally astonished, however, that he did not respond to my letter, inasmuch as he had quoted from my private letters and memorandums as a source for a number of allegations in *Perjury* without my permission, consent or knowledge.

In footnotes in the book, he says the quotations and citations he used are "by courtesy of Alden Whitman." Nothing could be further from the truth. The implication that I cooperated or collaborated with Weinstein in the research or preparation of *Perjury* is false. I did not see the book in any form until I received a bound copy shortly before its official publication date.

I leave it to your readers to characterize Weinstein's behavior and to judge to what degree it accords with standards of scholarship that prevail generally in the history profession.

Because Weinstein has used my private letters and memorandums without permission and has thus miscast me as a willing participant in his book, I have taken advice and put Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., the publishers of *Perjury*, on notice. I have asked Knopf to give me an undertaking to excise from future printings or editions of the book, including any paperback editions, all citations bearing my name. I naturally pointed out to Knopf its failure to exercise prudence in finding out whether Weinstein had the permission of the owner of the contents of private letters and memorandums to make use of them. Under common law copyright, as your readers may know, the contents of the correspondence belong to the writer.

I would not burden your readers with this recital of my dealings with Weinstein save for the fact that he has made a public issue of his scholarship and his veracity. It occurred to me that your readers should not believe that everyone shares Weinstein's astigmatic self-view.

CUSHING STROUT

The Nation, as Allen Weinstein points out in *Perjury*, has been foremost in "keeping alive the hope that Alger Hiss could be proved innocent." This political investment, however, does not justify Victor Navasky's mis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

representation of the historian's case. A crucial example is the editor's account of Josephine Herbst's testimony about the Ware group. He charges Weinstein with "omission-distortion" because (*1*) she never used the word "stolen"; (*2*) she believed the documents possessed by the Ware group were trivial and intended for *The Daily Worker*, not Moscow; (*3*) she knew John Herrmann's apartment was not used for developing photographs "while she was there."

But Herbst did say, as Weinstein quotes her testimony, that she had seen in the apartment " 'certain documents that had been taken from government offices by members of the "cell" and brought to the apartment for transmission to New York.' " (p. 138.) She was not claiming that the group was authorized to transmit these documents; the absence of the word "stolen," therefore, is a mere quibble by the editor. Weinstein's fairness is revealed by his noting that Chambers "recalled no such espionage work being done in 1934 by members of the Ware group, whose major functions, he believed, were to recruit more Communists within the government and to influence government policies." (p. 140.)

Weinstein himself, moreover, makes the editor's points that *she* thought the material was "innocuous" and believed that " 'no direct contact existed between our group and Soviet authorities.' " (p. 138.) As Weinstein points out, however, "she did not know of Chambers's work for the Red Army's Fourth Branch." The historian also notes that, while no pictures may have been developed while she was in Herrmann's apartment, she lived there only for three months in 1934 and "hence could not speak about Chambers's possible use of the quarters for espionage work—his and not the Ware group's—at other times." (p. 140.)

The editor's distortion by omission is capped by his ignoring the critical fact: Herbst told Hiss's lawyers that Chambers and John Herrmann " 'regarded Hiss as an important prospect to solicit for the purpose of getting papers.' " (p. 141.)

The evidence is clear that Chambers, Herrmann and Ware, as Weinstein concludes, "all told Josephine Herbst in mid-1934 that they were already in touch with Alger Hiss, trying to recruit him for espionage—more than six months before Hiss claimed to have met Chambers under more innocuous circumstances." (p. 141.) If the editor can challenge this crucial conclusion, let him do so, rather than throw dust in the reader's eyes by misrepresenting Weinstein's account and slandering his character as a historian.

In his zeal to defend Allen Weinstein's brief, Professor Strout seems to be guilty of the sort of carelessness which has made Perjury *such a dubious guide to the complications of the Hiss case. First, he refers to Josephine Herbst's "testimony" about the Ware group, even as Weinstein referred to her "depositions." In fact, all of the "evidence" from Miss Herbst is in the form of FBI interviews, interviews with Hiss's lawyers or private correspondence.*

Second, he tries to discredit Herbst's unqualified assertion that no pictures could have been developed in the Herrmann apartment by repeating Weinstein's non sequitur—that she lived there for only three months out of the year. In fact Herbst said several times that she didn't believe pictures could have been developed in the tiny Ware apartment because it lacked a closet and the bathroom was totally impractical for developing purposes.

Finally, Professor Strout seems oblivious to the bottom fact about Weinstein's treatment of Herbst: that by citing her statements out of historical context, he tries to use her second- and third-hand impressions (it is difficult to say which, given Weinstein's inadequate footnoting system) of the so-called Ware group in 1934 as evidence of espionage in 1937 or 1938. Especially since Herbst had no direct knowledge of Hiss one way or the other, this seems a clear abuse of the record. V.N.

WILLIAM A. REUBEN

In newspaper, magazine, radio and television interviews over the past several months, Allen Weinstein has repeatedly said that what clinches his case against Alger Hiss ("the strongest incriminating evidence") are memos he found in Hiss's own lawyers' files. According to Weinstein, this evidence establishes that early in December 1948 Hiss knew of the whereabouts of the Woodstock typewriter he had owned in the 1930s, that he lied about this knowledge to the FBI, the grand jury and even to his own lawyers, and that thereafter, for five months, with his brother Donald and Mike Catlett, the son of a former maid, he engaged in a conspiracy to prevent anyone—government investigators and even his own lawyers—from finding the Woodstock typewriter.

Having spent a quarter of a century studying the Hiss case, and in particular having interviewed all the available witnesses with knowledge of the typewriter—something that Professor Weinstein, for all his vaunted research and "scholarship" neglected to do—I can confidently declare these allegations by Weinstein to be patent nonsense, complete distortions of the record. For the purpose of economy, let me restrict myself to Weinstein's ludicrous charge that Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett attempted to suppress knowledge about the whereabouts of the typewriter (a typewriter which in any case the government later claimed was "useless" for its prosecution of Alger Hiss).

My research establishes that from the time the Hiss Woodstock was brought to the Catlett house sometime between December 1937 and April 1938 until it—or what is claimed to be the same machine—was recovered at the home of Ira Lockey, Sr. in April 1949, the typewriter was used or possessed by twenty-four persons, none of whom, except for Pat and Mike Catlett, was known to Alger Hiss or to any member of his family. In that eleven-year period, the machine was kept in no less than twelve, and possibly as many as eighteen, different locations.

The reader of *Perjury* is told little about these complications and therefore is unable to appreciate the overwhelming difficulties facing Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett as they tried to follow this trail after eleven years. Contrary to Weinstein's assertion, Donald Hiss never knew that Ira Lockey possessed the typewriter in 1949. Rather than "covering up" such knowledge, Donald Hiss persistently returned to Lockey's house, no less than six times, in his quest for the typewriter, and each time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lockey denied possession. Donald Hiss finally and justifiably wrote this lead off as a dead end when, directed by Lockey, a hunt through a junkyard produced only an old Royal typewriter. Contrary to what Weinstein says, Donald Hiss kept Alger Hiss's lawyer, Edward McLean fully informed about all these searches.

Fred J. Cook (*The Nation,* May 12, 1962) makes the intriguing point that the sudden and mysterious appearance of the typewriter in April 1949 may have been connected with an FBI visit to Ira Lockey, Sr. in February 1949—after Donald Hiss's continuously frustrated efforts. In any case, there is no conceivable basis for Weinstein's charge that Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett "withheld knowledge from Alger's lawyers that the typewriter had been traced to Ira Lockey."

Allen Weinstein's account, which ignores almost all of this history, is indeed "the strongest incriminating evidence"—but it is further evidence against the credibility of Allen Weinstein.

JEFF KISSELOFF

I am employed as a researcher by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Foundation. I have been spending considerable time on Alger Hiss's pending petition for *coram nobis*, so I am obviously not a disinterested bystander in the dispute over Allen Weinstein's *Perjury*. Since the NECLF office houses the complete Hiss defense files as well as thousands of pages of FBI documents on the Hiss case, I have been able to compare these records with Allen Weinstein's alleged documentation for his charges against Alger Hiss. I have discovered, literally, more than 100 serious errors of fact in *Perjury*, some of which were discussed in Victor Navasky's review. But Navasky's demonstrations of Weinstein's unfounded allegations and sweeping distortions could be multiplied manifold from the available evidence.

Take, as an example, the question of whether Alger Hiss knew about the location of the Woodstock typewriter in December 1948 and lied about this knowledge to the grand jury and to his lawyers. Weinstein's sole "evidence" for this charge is an ambiguous letter written December 28, 1948 by John Davis to Edward McLean. Navasky has demonstrated that on its face the letter does not support Weinstein's charges against Hiss, and that, far from being certain about the whereabouts of the typewriter, the Hiss investigators were searching in many different locations.

But Navasky doesn't cite the strongest evidence in this regard, a defense memorandum dated the same day as the Davis letter, December 28, 1948, which clearly demonstrates that Hiss had no clear recollection of what happened to the old Woodstock, and that his suggestion to Davis (that it may have been given to the Catletts) was only one of several possibilities that had occurred to him. Under the caption "What Happened to the Typewriter" five investigative leads which the defense intended to pursue are listed:

> (*i*) Check all typewriter dealers and repairmen in Washington, Baltimore, Westminster and Lynbrook.
>
> (*ii*) Check Hiss maids and their relatives . . . Catletts.
>
> (*iii*) Relatives and friends of the Hisses to whom it may have been given.
>
> (*iv*) Charities, such as the Salvation Army and self-help organizations.
>
> (*v*) Hiss remembers that he reported a theft to the Washington police in 1939 or 1940. . . . This should be checked.

And, as Navasky pointed out, the January 21, 1949 memo, entitled "Oral Report from Mr. Schmahl Today," demonstrated that the defense had indeed spent the previous month checking out all these possible locations.

But of course Weinstein did not attempt to present all the evidence fairly in order to give the reader a chance to reach an honest judgment. Rather, as the late Matthew Josephson, winner of the Parkman Prize for history, wrote about *Perjury*: "Weinstein has no sense of values as a biographer or historian to lead him through all this chaotic mass of stuff, but adopts the standards of HUAC, the FBI, Nixon even. . . . He must destroy the 'myth' of Alger Hiss as America's Dreyfus Case and save the myth of Chambers as the suffering hero who rescued America's intellectuals from Soviet Communism."

SENDER GARLIN

Allen Weinstein introduces me several times in *Perjury*—almost always in a manner which seriously distorts the truth. It would take too much space to provide you with even a reasonably complete list of his mistakes, but let me offer the following as representative of Weinstein's erroneous assertions about me or events of which I had first-hand knowledge:

On p. 91 Weinstein writes: "In Meyer Schapiro's room at Columbia Chambers met a young man named Sender Garlin who was then working for Russian-American relief." *Fact*: I was at no time associated with this or any other relief organization.

On p. 103 Weinstein writes that after the death of Chambers's brother, Chambers "resumed contact with Communist friends late in 1926." He adds that Chambers also remembered that friends in the C.P. like Harry Freeman and Sender Garlin " 'who were then working on *The Daily Worker*, to get me out of my mood . . . urged me to go with them on that paper.' " *Fact*: Freeman and I (who lived in New York) could not have been working for *The Daily Worker* in 1926 because the paper did not move to New York from Chicago until the spring of 1927. I joined the staff several months later.

In his effort to create a conspiratorial atmosphere in which Chambers and Hiss were allegedly operating, Weinstein cites a defense memorandum by a Hiss lawyer. Here (p. 382) I am quoted as saying that Chambers had disappeared in 1933 and had "gone underground." Victor Navasky, in his rebuttal to Weinstein (*The Nation*, May 6), quoted me accurately: "Maybe the lawyer used these words, but I did not. Words like 'underground' are not part of my vocabulary."

Weinstein claims that "Among those recognizing Chambers immediately after a decade were Sender Garlin, Josephine Herbst, Julian Wadleigh, William Edward Crane and Maxim Lieber." His footnote, No. 59, p. 596, cites HUAC 1, pp. 1004-5 (1948). This citation is a phony, for I am nowhere listed in these pages of HUAC—nor are any of the other five persons mentioned, except for Nelson Frank. Questioned by Rep. Richard M. Nixon,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank, a "Red" expert on the New York *World-Telegram*, said he "recognized" Chambers after a lapse of twelve years. Frank testified that he had been a "part-time" reporter on *The Daily Worker* in 1928 when he allegedly first met Chambers. Since I was city editor of *The Daily Worker* at the time, I can state categorically that he testified falsely on this point.

My name appears seven times in Weinstein's index and four times in his reference notes. However, at no time did he make *any* attempt to communicate with me to check *any* assertions involving me.

A.B. MAGIL

Belatedly I have borrowed Allen Weinstein's *Perjury* and find myself included in it as a witness—I'm not certain whether for the prosecution or defense—in the case of Weinstein vs. Hiss. The consistent misspelling of my name and the description of me as "former editor of *The Daily Worker*" are inconsequential errors, whatever they may imply about the author's scholarship. There are, however, distortions about statements I made and about my past activity that require correction.

The book (pp. 381-2): "Schmahl [an investigator for Hiss's legal defense] informed McLean [Hiss's lawyer] in late January that 'through a very confidential contact' he had learned that A.B. Magill, former editor of *The Daily Worker*, 'knew the identity of a man with whom Chambers is said to have had an extensive affair in his younger days.' Schmahl interviewed Magill, who described Chambers's affair with Ida Dales and strongly implied that she and other women had been lesbians when Chambers took up with them. Magill also said 'that Chambers had an affair with a good-looking young boy, nicknamed "Bub" . . . when Chambers was employed on the staff of *The Daily Worker*.' Magill reiterated a theme that characterized the C.P. line on Chambers by this time and the unofficial comments of those Communists who volunteered information: 'Chambers was in the habit of showing Magill his manuscripts for perusal before publication.' According to Mr. Magill, 'some of those manuscripts would turn your stomach.' They were, said Mr. Magill, 'dripping with perversities, violence and weird plots.' "

The facts: I did not describe Chambers's "affair" with Ida Dales, nor did I imply that she was a lesbian. I referred to Ida Dales as Chambers's first *wife*. I did not say that Chambers had an "affair" with "Bub." I told the person who interviewed me that Chambers was *suspected* of homosexuality, and it was in that context that I mentioned "Bub." I never said that Chambers was in the habit of showing me his manuscripts before publication. He was not. I told the interviewer that on one occasion in the summer or early fall of 1931, while I was a house guest of Chambers at his home on Long Island, he showed me two or three short stories and a poem. I was impressed with the quality of the stories, but even more impressed with their obsession with violence. I said nothing about "perversities," or about "turning your stomach," or about "weird plots."

The book: "Lieber said recently that A.B. Magill, who had provided information on Chambers to the Hiss defense, was the representative of the American Communist Party who helped him make contacts in Mexico with Eastern European embassies (Lieber and his family, after several years in Mexico, settled in Poland)."

The facts: I was not the representative of the American Communist Party in Mexico. From 1950 to 1952 I was a correspondent there, first of *The Daily Worker* and later of Telepress, a left-wing international news agency that folded in the latter year. During two and a half years in Mexico I was occasionally invited, as were Mexican newsmen and women, to social functions at the Czech and Polish Embassies. Maxim Lieber sought repatriation to the country of his birth, Poland, and I may have introduced him to a Polish Embassy official, though I have no specific recollection of doing so. Lieber departed for Poland more than two years after I left Mexico.

HOPE HALE DAVIS

As one who was a member of the Communist underground in Washington from mid-1934 to early 1937, I find some of Victor Navasky's quoted contradictions of statements from interviews by Allen Weinstein in *Perjury* rather perplexing.

I have known personally a number of the people whose denials Navasky quotes. I would not expect one of them, if confronted with a statement published in a context unfavorable to them, to give an honest, unprevaricating response. But the case of Katherine Perlo's letter to President Roosevelt was even more puzzling.

Navasky derides Weinstein as follows: "The Washington 'underground Communist group,' headed by Victor Perlo, was 'confirmed' when 'Katherine Wills Perlo wrote an anonymous letter to the White House in 1944.' "

Here Navasky seems to be doing something strange—suggesting that Weinstein needed Mrs. Perlo's letter to prove the existence of the underground, and that anything shaky about the letter should shake any right-thinking reader's belief that there ever had been a Washington Communist underground.

He proceeds then to find the letter shaky because Mrs. Perlo was under the care of a psychiatrist, and because she added the psychiatrist's name to those of her husband and others she accused of a Communist conspiracy.

I have no information about Mrs. Perlo's psychiatrist. For all I know, he could have been a Communist. Such a choice, if made by a comrade, would have been natural. But about Victor Perlo himself and his underground activities there can be no doubt. I attended a unit meeting (we did not use the term "cell") once a week for more than two years, and Vic was present surely at more than seventy of them. He was my first unit leader; how well I remember his kneeling one night drawing a map of China with different colors of chalk on a child's blackboard, while giving us a progress report on the territory gained by Chu Teh, Chou En-lai, and Mao Tse-tung.

I am not sure whether Katherine Wills Perlo is the wife I knew. If she is, the marriage has an interesting history. Vic was only 22 when I first met him in 1934. He had been a mathematical prodigy, and was brilliant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at his job in the New Deal. But his development had been one-sided. The more sophisticated comrades called him "socially immature," and a campaign was launched to help him try, as the rest of us were doing, according to party directives, to play the role of a proper bourgeois adult. Always an earnest and literal-minded adherent to party decisions, Vic appeared, within weeks, proudly leading a blonde bride. He established her in a little country house and even produced a baby. Vic's wife never seemed a "natural" as a Communist, and I am not surprised, if this Mrs. Perlo is the same woman, that she became fed up with the party and its demands.

But whoever she was, whatever her mental condition in 1944, however she phrased her accusation, the Washington underground not only existed but was used, to my knowledge, for stealing documents from government agencies. I myself carried out such an assignment, admittedly a harmless one for I had no access to secret information, but performed by means of stealthy, illicit entry and the rifling of an official's files, "for practice." But my husband, whose breakdown and death may have been due to the conflicts caused by his conspiratorial activities, was leader of one of the most productive of the five-member "units" that made up our part of Hal Ware's group. He himself regularly went to the New York waterfront to give a party contact confidential information from his job in the shipping division of the labor board of NRA, later of the National Labor Relations Board. Everyone in Hal Ware's group had accepted the directive to get whatever we could for the party to use in any way it saw fit.

What appears above is a second draft. When Hope Hale Davis called to ask whether we were printing her letter I assured her we were, but observed that she had misconstrued my point, which had to do only with Weinstein's deficiencies as a scholar. In a footnote on p. 22 of Perjury *he refers to an anonymous letter sent by Mrs. Perlo to "the FBI" which accused her husband of "espionage." In fact the letter was sent to the President and said nothing about espionage. On hearing this, Hope Hale Davis said, "Oh, I forgot to put in the espionage part," and a few days later her addendum arrived with the final paragraph amended to include "the espionage part."*

If Davis is accurate in her memory, however, she has provided further evidence of Perjury's *carelessness, for Weinstein neglected to include her name along with others he listed as members of the Perlo and Ware groups.* V.N.

HELEN L. BUTTENWIESER

I have read with interest the account of your efforts to verify, at Mr. Weinstein's "invitation," his quotes or summaries of certain taped interviews.

Your experience comes as no surprise to me, as my reading of the book (I have only been able to struggle through half of it so far) indicates clearly that, while posing as a scholar whose search has revealed hitherto unknown facts, Mr. Weinstein has merely taken existing material, and by clever use of the English language makes every correction of prior testimony by Alger Hiss sound as if he had been forced to retract a lie—while at the same time misquoting Whittaker Chambers so that subsequent changes would not appear to be changes at all.

I refer you—for instance—to page 47 where Weinstein says that ". . . Hiss adjusted his testimony . . ." whereas in his portrayal of Whittaker Chambers he not only plays down changes (see page 19) but in one striking instance actually misquotes Chambers on a vital point, so that no later correction will be necessary. I refer in this instance to Chambers's testimony before HUAC, commencing with a prepared statement on August 3, 1948 and repeated frequently until he found it necessary to change his story toward the end of August 1948. (See page 5 where Mr. Weinstein writes that Chambers said he left the party in 1938—whereas in fact, Mr. Chambers said he left the party late in 1937.) This of course, is a crucial "correction" of the facts by the author, since assuming Mr. Chambers was correct when he said that he left the party in late 1937, the documents he produced dated February and March 1938 could not have come from Alger Hiss.

However, annoying as I find Mr. Weinstein's deliberate manipulation of the reader's impression of the respective truthfulness of Mr. Hiss and Mr. Chambers, I am even more put out by his unscholarly habit of appearing to append verification of an otherwise unsupported statement referring the reader to a footnote at the back of the book which, when consulted, fails to confirm the statement footnoted: page 186, footnote 63; page 194, footnote 81; page 196, footnote 1; page 197, footnote 3; page 215, footnote 41; page 319, footnote 27.

These are but some of the defects I picked up, having neither the time nor the patience to check each footnote, but even these discrepancies are sufficient to give "the lie" to the current propaganda that Mr. Weinstein, through his outstanding scholarly efforts, has finally "proven" that Alger Hiss is guilty.

PHILIP NOBILE

I felt an eerie sense of *déjà vu* when I read in *The Nation* that Allen Weinstein reneged on his promise, even *dare*, to have Victor Navasky inspect his *Perjury* archives. Apparently, Weinstein didn't have the nerve to turn away Navasky himself and had his wife perform this graceless task at the door of their Washington home. I consider this breach of a promise, made with great bravado on television, a mark of dishonor. It raises the question whether such a man can write honest history. For I don't think an historian's character is unrelated to his product. For example, Weinstein despises personal contretemps. He is extremely uncomfortable in situations, private or public, where he is strongly challenged. In other words, he has a difficult time coping with unpleasantness. This personality trait would be of no matter in a medieval historian, but it hurt Weinstein's research immensely. His fear of confrontation prevented him from presenting evidence to principals in the Hiss case. I was with him when he told Alger Hiss in his last interview that he thought Hiss was guilty. Although extremely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nervous, Weinstein went on to say that he possessed documentary evidence proving Hiss had lied when he said that he had no independent recollection of the whereabouts of the Woodstock typewriter. But did Weinstein show the accused his documentary evidence as any cub reporter would have done? No. Nor did he have the courage to face Mrs. Hiss with an allegedly incriminating letter. Nor did he allow Donald Hiss to comment on his alleged role in hiding the Woodstock typewriter from the FBI. Weinstein constantly wraps himself in the nonpartisan mantle of an objective historian. Yet he failed at crucial times to let the witnesses to history speak in his book. Why? I repeat, it's a matter of character. How can I make these statements? I was once Weinstein's friend. My feeling of *déjà vu* relates to another betrayal of promise that likewise bears on the question whether Weinstein can write honest history.

My story is a footnote to *Perjury*. My dispute with Weinstein has nothing to do with Hiss's guilt or innocence. It is irrelevant to history, but I judge not to the current imbroglio regarding Weinstein's methods—that is, his reliability as an historian. As I wrote Weinstein recently, "I happen to believe in the book if not in you." I would not write those words today even though I think Hiss *is* guilty.

It would take more space than it is worth to give the full story of the dealings between Weinstein and myself on the news rights to *Perjury* which persuade me that his character must be an element in anyone's judgment of his work on the Hiss case. Weinstein had given me exclusive news rights to the discoveries he claims to have made in the course of his research for his book—I was to make them public in a long prepublication interview.

Weinstein reneged on this verbal contract: I had, with Weinstein's approval, arranged for the exclusive interview to appear in *Politicks* six weeks before the book's publication date. After I made this deal known to Weinstein, he allowed his agent to sell the news rights to *Time* without so much as telling me or Tom Morgan, editor of *Politicks*. The handling of this matter is now before the Ethics Committee of the Society of Authors' Representatives at my instigation.

When I faced Weinstein with this betrayal he offered to send me a check from his *Time* fee to compensate for my small *Politicks* payment and said he would make amends to *Politicks*—"Knopf is going to hate me for this"—by calling a press conference in its offices to answer any and all questions regarding *Perjury*. I declined the former and Morgan the latter. Weinstein thought he could cover his dishonor with a check and some publicity. He concluded by saying that he hoped he could salvage our friendship and would come up for dinner the following night. As with Navasky, he never showed.

And so I come back to my original question. Can such a man write honest history? I'm not sure. Navasky demonstrated that Weinstein has fiddled with evidence, overstated facts and covered up ambiguities in order to fit his view of the case. I see certain parallels in Weinstein's personal behavior. And so I would not be surprised if the character that broke promises both to Navasky and me, when it suited his purposes, also betrayed history in *Perjury* where it suited his purposes.

HOW DEMOCRATIC IS SPAIN?

A Mime Troupe Tests the Regime

STANLEY MEISLER

Madrid

Nothing has embarrassed the self-proclaimed Spanish democracy of King Juan Carlos and Premier Adolfo Suarez more than the case of Els Joglars, a Catalan mime troupe convicted of insulting the army. Protests have come from the best-known writers and artists of Europe. Paloma Picasso has warned that the Picasso family will never agree to the transfer of her father's "Guernica" from New York's Museum of Modern Art to Spain until the four imprisoned actors are released. The case is so ludicrous, anachronistic and unjust that many outsiders are convinced the King will find a way soon to free the actors and end the embarrassment.

But whether or not the actors leave their prisons in Barcelona before the end of their two-year sentences, the case has revealed some of the flaws in Spain's remarkable but fragile attempt at transition from the dictatorship of the late Francisco Franco to a parliamentary government. A latent, unhealthy fear of the army still ties the tongues of critics. And, after almost four decades of Francoism, people here feel that injustice to an individual or defilement of a principle are not worth fretting about so long as the outer forms of democracy are intact.

Els Joglars was a much-praised company headed by 34-year-old Albert Boadella. In the Catalan language, *joglars* means jugglers in the medieval sense of performers who act, sing, dance and mime as well as twirl objects in the air. Boadella and Els Joglars received permission from the censors of the Ministry of Culture last August to present a pantomime, *La Torna*, based on the execution of two men during the Franco era.

Torna is a Catalan word for the little something extra that is thrown into a product or an offer to make it more acceptable. In the case that inspired the pantomime, this something extra was a Polish vagrant, Heinz Chez, who was executed in Tarragona in 1974 at the same time that the Catalan anarchist, Salvador Puig Antich, was executed in Barcelona. Both men had been convicted of

Stanley Meisler reports from Spain for the Los Angeles Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

killing policemen, Puig in an act of political terrorism, Chez in a nonpolitical fight.

The executions came in the emotional months that followed the assassination of Premier Luis Carrero Blanco in December 1973. Many Spaniards believed that Puig was convicted without much evidence and executed simply as a reprisal for the assassination of Franco's Premier. At the same time, according to this view, the government did not want to provoke too much anger against itself and therefore decided to soften the impact by throwing in *La Torna*—the execution of Chez. Since both men had killed policemen, their simultaneous execution would make it seem that the government was treating Puig as a murderer, not a political prisoner.

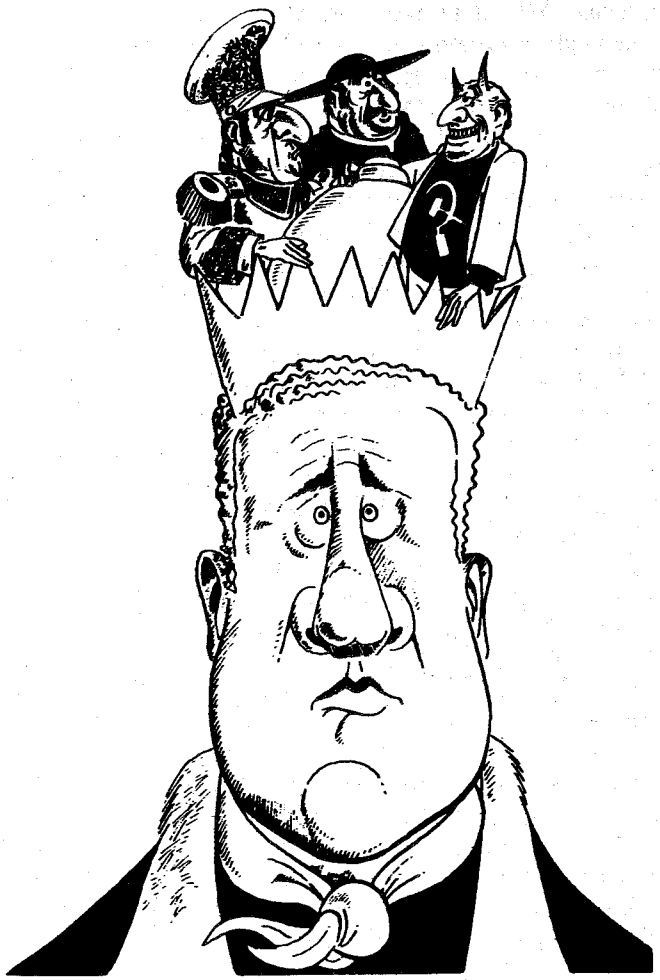
By focusing on the military court that convicted Chez, the pantomime was criticizing the army, but the censors of the Ministry of Culture approved it anyway. That was not surprising. There has been an outburst of politics and pornography in theatres, movie houses and magazines since the death of Franco, and the government has wisely not tried to contain it too much. At the same time it passed *La Torna*, the ministry not only approved but decided to subsidize the production in Madrid of a play by Ramón del Valle-Inclán that had been banned in 1927 for ridiculing the army.

La Torna opened in September and performed in towns throughout Catalonia, Valencia and the Basque provinces for almost three months. On November 30, Boadella received a phone call from a military officer advising him to halt performances. Since he had government approval, Boadella decided to ignore the advice. On December 11, the office of the captain-general or military commander of the Catalonia region issued an order suspending all performances of the pantomime. Four days later, Boadella was arrested and imprisoned in the Modelo Prison of Barcelona on charges of insulting and injuring the army. His five actors were charged with the same crime but were not then imprisoned.

The pantomime had offended Lieut. Gen. Francisco Coloma Gallegos, the captain-general, for he had been Franco's Minister of the Army when Puig and Chez were tried. Coloma Gallegos was one of the most Francoist and conservative officers in a Francoist and conservative army, and the Els Joglars affair was for him a kind of last hurrah. On April 26, Coloma Gallegos reached the mandatory retirement age of 66 and left active duty. But, by then, the damage had been done.

Coloma Gallegos invoked the military code of justice to move against Els Joglars. Premier Suarez and the leaders of the opposition had reached an agreement to write a new military code that will take from the army its right to try civilians. That prohibition will probably also be written into the new Constitution. Meanwhile, the Fundamental Laws of Franco were still in force, the army still had jurisdiction over civilians, and Gen. Coloma Gallegos was determined to enforce that jurisdiction. From the legal point of view, the fact that the pantomime had been approved by the Ministry of Culture did not matter.

In its official charge against Els Joglars the army said "the performance of [*La Torna*] constitutes a clear offense



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

to the armed forces and specifically to military justice," culminating "in a scene in which all the officers of the tribunal are completely drunk and read their sentence in this state." The program for the play informed readers that it was based on the Chez case, and, the army said, "accused a military tribunal of playing with the life of a person for political reasons."

The proceedings themselves had some drama. Boadella, who had been transferred to a hospital for treatment of stomach ulcers, escaped on the eve of the trial and fled to France. Angry army officers then ordered the arrest of the five actors. One, Ferrán Rene, also fled to France, but the four others—María de Maeztu, Gabriel Renom, Andrés Solsona and Arnaldo Vilardebo—stood trial.

The outcome was never in doubt: the army, after all, was both prosecutor and judge. The court-martial was made up of officers under the command of Gen. Coloma Gallegos. After listening to thirteen hours of testimony, it found the four actors guilty and sentenced each to two years in prison. Coloma Gallegos, acting as the final arbiter of justice, rejected all appeals for a reversal of the court's decision and refused all requests for amnesty in the last few days before his retirement. He told the Spanish press, "The court-martial did not make any judgment about freedom of expression. It only judged whether people using that freedom of expression injured the armed forces."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Students demonstrated on behalf of Els Joglars in Barcelona; a few actors did the same in Madrid. Performers in Barcelona went on strike for a week, joined for a day by their colleagues in Madrid. The parliamentary deputies from Catalonia issued statements of support for the troupe, and one Socialist deputy from Catalonia raised the issue in the Cortes. Some non-Catalan Left politicians also made statements of concern.

But the case did not evoke a single protest from any of the country's leading leftist politicians. Socialist leader Felipe González and Communist leader Santiago Carrillo have yet to criticize the army's flagrant use of the dictatorial laws of Franco to suppress freedom of speech. Nor has Premier Suarez or any member of his Cabinet dared to speak out against the army's contemptuous insult to the government in banning a play that the government had already approved.

The Spanish press also treated the matter with great timidity. *El Pais*, the influential Madrid newspaper usually quick to notice affronts to democracy, was circumspect in its editorial comment on Els Joglars. It found the conviction and jailing of the actors "inopportune." It blamed the Suarez government far more than the army, for "the armed forces are obliged in such cases to apply their sanctions and judicial processes." The government, in the view of *El Pais*, had caused the problem by failing promptly to decree a new military code.

It is obvious that Spanish politicians and journalists are afraid of offending the army. It is probably an exaggerated fear. "Many of my friends are afraid of the army, more than they should be," said a Western diplomat recently. "But when I tell them that their fears are unfounded, they reply, 'You're not Spanish; you don't understand.'" This fear, founded or not, acts as a restraint on democracy.

The fear is based on history. Military dictators have ruled Spain for most of this century. The democratic experiment of the 1930s died in a Civil War because Franco and other generals would not tolerate it. No Western European country has a modern history so dominated by the military.

The Fundamental Laws of Franco assign to the armed forces the "defense of the institutional system." That phrase enshrines a political role for the Spanish military. As a result, Spain's generals and admirals see themselves as a kind of supreme court, the final arbiter of politics. The latest draft of the new Constitution suppresses that phrase but substitutes another, "defense of the constitutional order," which will probably make the generals and admirals feel they have the same political duty as before.

Most of the generals and admirals—all more than 60, all veterans of the victorious Franco side in the Civil War—dislike what has been happening recently in Spain. The government's legalization of the Communist Party before last June's parliamentary elections tore down a basic tenet of Francoism. So did the government's decision to grant the beginnings of autonomy to Catalonia, the Basque provinces and other regions of Spain. The consistent incidence of political terrorism since Franco's death has also irritated the military leaders, who see the laxness of democracy as one of the causes.

Thus far, the army has done no more than complain. When the Communist Party was legalized, the army's supreme council issued a statement declaring that the action has "produced a general repulsion in all units of the army. Nevertheless, in view of national interests of a higher order, the accomplished fact is accepted in a disciplined way." On several other occasions, the generals and admirals have met with Juan Carlos to complain about both Premier Suarez and the Minister of Defense, Lieut. Gen. Manuel Gutiérrez Mellado. In the view of the officials, Gutiérrez Mellado has betrayed them by failing to push their views in the councils of government. The King, who enjoys the loyalty of the military as Franco's handpicked heir, has been able to mollify the anger.

The military have many other problems that tear at morale. The 220,000-man army, 45,000-man navy and 35,000-man air force are poorly paid, poorly equipped, and poorly organized. The Spanish armed forces are almost as large as those of Great Britain but have only one-fifth the defense budget. Spain has been boasting that it will defend the Canary Islands against any threat from Africa. But, as one Western diplomat has put it, "it is doubtful that the armed forces could get enough money together to stage maneuvers in the Canaries that would put teeth into the boast." The generals are also worried about what they perceive as Socialist and Communist attempts to organize the conscript army into some kind of trade union. Younger officers chafe under a system of such slow promotion that a man cannot hope to make captain until he is 40. On top of this, there is a continual debate within the armed forces over the value of the government's proposal to join NATO. Some officers long for the modernization that NATO might bring them; older generals worry that a new system of organization might upset their style of life and command.

It is doubtful that the armed forces, despite these problems and frustrations, will reach the point of attempting a coup. According to one view, the military leaders are in no mood to challenge the election returns of last June 15 that rejected Francoism overwhelmingly and gave the Socialist and Communist Parties 40 percent of the vote. Said a diplomat, "What is the army going to do now? Take on 40 percent of the population in the streets?" Other analysts insist that the army is so disorganized, so low on fuel and ammunition, and so poorly trained that it could not carry out a swift coup even if the generals wanted one.

Nevertheless, the politicians of Spain are averse to testing the military on an issue they perceive as minor. In their view, they had to legalize the Communist Party if they wanted the world to accept the June elections as democratic. They also had to start a system of regional autonomy if they were to avoid mass demonstrations and violence in Catalonia and the Basque provinces. But the presence of four actors in jail is not, in the view of Spanish politicians, vital to the preservation of the new Spanish system, and they therefore see no reason to annoy the military about it.

There may be a good deal of sense in this, but it also reveals some of the failings so far in the beginnings of Spanish democracy. After four decades of dictatorship,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there has been little development of democratic attitudes, little understanding of the importance of the inner workings of democracy. Spaniards, for the most part, do not see a threat to four individuals as a threat to the democratic system as a whole. Even the protesters of Barcelona seem to see the case of Els Joglars as a threat more to Catalan culture than to Spanish democracy.

In fact, the case has probably attracted attention only because of the army's role in it. At the time when the actors were being convicted in Barcelona, four journalists were jailed by a civilian court in Madrid on charges that they had written an article insulting to the King. Under the post-Franco law on freedom of expression, Spaniards may not write anything that is considered insulting or injurious to the King, the armed forces, or the unity of Spain. The case of the journalists provoked almost no protest.

Spaniards now live under a kind of administered democracy. The government doles out freedom of expression and freedom of assembly in limited amounts. Citizens have the right to hold demonstrations but the government still rejects applications for many of them and carefully monitors those that are approved. Spaniards have freedom of the press, but the government still seizes offensive publications and fines and jails journalists. These limitations have been accepted by most Spaniards during this period when the politicians are sincerely trying to create a parliamentary system in which power will be determined by votes.

Most observers here predict a "happy" ending for the case of Els Joglars. Once a new military code is enacted, it is presumed that the army will no longer have the right to try civilians. In the strict legal sense, that should not affect Els Joglars, but the King has granted amnesty before to Spaniards convicted of deeds that are no longer illegal. It is likely that the King, after waiting a bit to avoid antagonizing the army, will grant an amnesty to Els Joglars. Even so, *La Torna* would still be banned. And no other acting company would be foolish enough to try that kind of play anytime soon. Whatever happens to Els Joglars now, Gen. Coloma Gallegos has won his point. □

TEEN-AGE PREGNANCY

CARTER HALF SEES THE PROBLEM

ANDREW CHERLIN

Walk into the waiting room in East Baltimore on any Tuesday and you'll see ten to twenty teen-agers minding their children. In one corner, you might see a young father feeding his daughter a bottle. In the center of the room, several babies will be creeping in a huge playpen. The parents and children are clients of the Johns Hopkins Center for School-Age Mothers and Their Infants.

Lucy, age 18, was a sophomore at Dunbar High School, just up the street, when she became pregnant. She wanted to keep her baby, and a city maternity clinic referred her to the Hopkins Center. There she received medical care and counseling until her daughter was born. Soon afterward, the staff helped her find day-care services and she returned to school, as do most of the mothers who are helped by the center. Now Lucy visits the center regularly with her daughter for checkups, family planning services and advice on how to be a good parent.

The Hopkins Center, a highly regarded program run by professionals from Johns Hopkins Medical School, receives a great deal of attention these days because many people are becoming concerned about teen-age pregnancy. Last year a million teen-age girls—including one out of ten age 15 to 19—became pregnant, and about 600,000 gave birth. And in the past several years the rate of out-of-wedlock births has risen for teen-agers under 18, although it has held steady for 18 and 19 year olds and has dropped for older women. Now the widespread concern has reached the Carter administration. At a time when the President is holding the line on spending for almost all social programs, he included an increase of $142 million in his proposed budget for an initiative on teen-age pregnancy. Carter would extend Medicaid benefits to pregnant teen-agers who aren't now eligible, increase funds for population research, and provide a small boost in family planning and related services. But the centerpiece of the administration's initiative is a $60 million bill, introduced in April by Sen. Edward M. Kennedy—the Adolescent Health Services, and Pregnancy Prevention and Care Act of 1978. Most of the money would support comprehensive centers, modeled after the one at Johns Hopkins and a few others, which would help pregnant teen-agers and also provide services for young mothers and their children. But despite the success of the Hopkins Center, some observers believe that the administration is relying too heavily on one solution to a complex problem. Others feel that an additional $60 million, no matter how it is spent, may be too little to have a substantial effect on the problem.

Because the Hopkins Center serves a predominantly black section of Baltimore, most of its clients fit the stereotype of the unwed young mother: black and poor. Yet while it is still true that a disproportionate share of out-of-wedlock births occur among blacks—about six out of ten—an important change has occurred in the last few years. The out-of-wedlock birth rate has held steady for

Andrew Cherlin is assistant professor of social relations at Johns Hopkins University and frequently writes on social policies affecting family life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black teen-agers—it has even declined slightly among those of 18 and 19—while it has been rising for whites under 18. This increase has brought the problem into middle-class city neighborhoods and into the suburbs, but for white teen-agers age 18 or 19 and for all black teen-agers, the out-of-wedlock birth rates are no higher today than they were in 1970.

At the same time, teen-age girls are more likely to get pregnant today than they were at the start of the 1970s, largely because more of them are having sexual intercourse. Profs. Melvin Zelnik and John F. Kantner of Johns Hopkins (neither of whom is affiliated with the Center for School Age Mothers) surveyed single 15-to-19-year-old girls nationally in 1971 and again in 1976. Over the five years the proportion who had ever copulated increased from 27 to 35 percent. Nearly one in five 15 year olds was sexually experienced in 1976, as were more than half of the 19 year olds. The percentages were higher for blacks than for whites—63 versus 31 percent overall in 1976—but the recent increase has been sharper for whites. And today a girl who becomes pregnant is less likely than she would have been in the past to marry the father of her child. Zelnik and Kantner found a large drop in the proportion of pregnant white girls who married before they either gave birth or terminated their pregnancies, but again there was little change among blacks.

Yet while teen-agers are more likely now than in the past to become pregnant, they are also more likely to seek abortions. In the early 1970s, a few states liberalized their abortion laws; then in 1973 the Supreme Court overturned the remaining restrictive state laws. As a result, of the million teen-age girls who became pregnant last year, more than one-third underwent abortions. And between 1971 and 1976, according to the Zelnik-Kantner surveys, the proportion of single, pregnant white girls who aborted or miscarried (and many of the reported "miscarriages" were probably abortions) rose from one-half to two-thirds. Looking at the same figures another way, in 1971 about half of all pregnancies to single white teen-agers ended in a live birth, but in 1976 only one-third did so. The increase in abortion may be overstated somewhat because in the past women may have been reluctant to admit to what was then an illegal procedure, but it seems clear that, as the incidence of teen-age pregnancy has risen, abortion has restrained the rise in births.

You might expect, then, that any government program aimed at pregnant teen-agers would emphasize access to abortions for those who want them. But President Carter and the chief architect of his proposed initiative, HEW Secretary Joseph A. Califano, though they are worried about teen-age pregnancy because of the undesirable consequences which often follow, believe that abortion is morally wrong. Most young mothers drop out of school and never return. In addition, they run a higher risk of complications during pregnancy and delivery. The babies they bear are much more likely to be premature and of low birth weight—conditions related to many serious birth defects and childhood illnesses. And even if they marry, these young mothers are much more likely to divorce than are women who marry in their 20s.

To deal with these problems, and given his scruples, Secretary Califano favors comprehensive programs which advise and assist pregnant girls and which also provide medical care and counseling to the girls after they've given birth. Califano shares this view with the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation—Sen. Edward Kennedy, president, and Eunice Kennedy Shriver, executive vice-president. Neither Califano nor the Kennedys believe that improving contraceptive services is sufficient to solve the problem, and both want to find alternatives to abortion. (Califano, in fact, created a task force last year to propose "alternatives to abortion," but the group disbanded after concluding that, for pregnant women, there were no alternatives to abortion but "suicide, motherhood, and, some would add, madness.")

Sargent Shriver outlined the Kennedy view in his testimony last March before the House Select Committee on Population. Briefly, he questioned the effectiveness of family-planning services, noting that expenditures had risen, but so had the rate of teen-age pregnancy. He advocated more programs for teen-agers who already were pregnant, programs which would provide them with medical services before birth and at least two years of follow-up care and counseling after birth. With these services, said Shriver, young mothers would stand a better chance to have healthy babies and to stay in school. After the child is born, according to Shriver, the program should try to prevent further pregnancies through family planning and sex education, with emphasis on "moral values." In this way, Shriver assumes, repeat pregnancies can be stopped without recourse to abortion.

The Kennedy-Shriver approach is implicit in the administration's new bill, which will encourage the kind of comprehensive centers that Califano and the Kennedys favor—centers which place more emphasis on maternal services than on preventing first pregnancies and births. Some of the $60 million will be granted directly to existing centers, and most of the remaining funds will be reserved for grants to pull together existing local services so that they will offer comprehensive care before and after birth.

Senator Kennedy praised the Johns Hopkins Center when he introduced the bill in the Senate, and the center obtains a large share of its funds from the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation. It is official Washington's favorite teen-age pregnancy program, and even a brief visit to its basement office in a Baltimore shopping center shows why. The small staff, under the direction of Drs. Janet B. Hardy and Theodore King, adds about ten pregnant girls—all under 18—to its rolls each week. About 85 percent are black, and most are from low-income families. At any one time, the center serves about 130 pregnant teen-agers in its prenatal program and another 160 mother-child pairs in its postnatal program.

Expectant mothers receive counseling and medical services throughout their pregnancies. After delivery, mothers like Lucy remain in the program for two years of pediatric services, personal counseling, parenting education and the like. When Lucy's daughter is a year old,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for instance, she will be tested by a staff psychologist. Many of the infants at the center show slight language deficits, so the staff encourages the mothers to talk to their children more while they're caring for them. "Don't just pick up your baby," a psychologist told one mother, "while you're doing it say, 'would you like to go *up*?' "

In these and other ways the staff tries to teach the mothers and fathers (about a quarter of the fathers visit the center) how to be good parents. Their task is challenging—most child-care manuals, for example, are written for adults, but the average mother at the center reads at only a sixth-grade level. They encourage the girls to stay in school, and they try to find day-care services for those who need them. As a result, nine out of every ten mothers at the center have returned to school —an impressive achievement, considering that, nationwide, eight out of ten young mothers fail to complete high school. The center also counsels the girls against becoming pregnant again too soon and provides contraceptive services. So far, the rate of repeat pregnancies is well below the nationwide rate.

All observers agree that the center does admirable work, but some are uneasy with what they see as an overreliance by the administration on this type of pregnancy program. The critics note that the Hopkins Center draws on the resources of one of the top medical institutions in the country, and they wonder how readily its expertise can be duplicated. In addition, they point to the weak spot in the Hopkins approach: its cost. Dr. Hardy estimates that the center spends roughly $2,000 per mother in its prenatal and postnatal programs, not including day-care and other support services which may be provided elsewhere. Even if the entire $60 million in the administration's bill went to centers like the one at Hopkins, only 30,000 girls could be assisted at that price. But last year 600,000 teen-agers gave birth, and 250,000 of those births were out of wedlock. To provide all 250,000 single mothers with services like those at Hopkins would cost a minimum of $500 million.

These calculations lead some to suggest that more of the $60 million should be spent to help girls avoid becoming pregnant in the first place. It is obviously much cheaper to provide family-planning services to a girl before she's pregnant than to provide maternal services afterward—if the family-planning program can prevent pregnancies effectively. But advocates of the administration's approach argue that existing family-planning programs, which this year received $135 million in federal grants, haven't worked, as evidenced by the increasing teen-age birth rates. Those who are active in birth-control counseling reply that there are too few clinics to handle the rise in teen-age sexual activity. Today, about 4 million teen-age girls are having sex but with no wish to become pregnant, yet only 2 million of them are receiving birth-control services—a million from organized clinics and a million from private physicians. Many teen-agers still lack easy access to a clinic where they can receive birth-control and abortion counseling, and others are denied services without the written permission of their parents.

In fact, one quarter of all sexually experienced teen-agers in 1976 reported that they never used contraception—not even nonmedical methods like the condom, withdrawal and rhythm—and nearly half said they used contraception only sometimes. Yet the administration, in a separate proposal, has budgeted only $10 million in new money for family-planning funds—hardly enough to compensate for inflation. In addition, HEW plans to spend another $8 million on teen-agers by reducing family-planning funds for older women. A proposal by Rep. Anthony C. Beilenson of California, endorsed by the House Select Committee on Population, would provide an $85 million increase. But the odds are that the House will approve a far smaller amount.

There are several reasons, in addition to the dearth of clinics, why many teen-agers don't use contraception regularly. One is the appalling ignorance of young women about the basic facts of their reproductive systems. In the 1976 survey only two out of five teen-age women knew that the risk of pregnancy was greatest about two weeks after the start of menstruation. And other studies indicate that some of the correct answers may have been lucky guesses. An obvious implication of these findings is that more and better sex education is needed in a variety of settings—at school, in community organizations, in the media and at home. But although polls show that most Americans favor sex education in schools, a determined minority stands ready to fight on the issue, and the Carter administration has been shying away from the battle.

Another reason why teen-agers make inadequate use of birth control is that the most effective methods are inappropriate for them. Most sexually experienced teen-agers copulate infrequently. And although a greater percentage of them have had intercourse at least once, the frequency of intercourse may be declining. In the 1976 survey, half of the sexually experienced teen-agers had not had sex during the previous month, an increase over the two out of five who had abstained for a month in 1971. To a young woman whose sex life is that irregular, taking a birth-control pill every day makes little sense, nor is she apt to go to the trouble of having an IUD inserted. Besides, many sexually active teen-agers complain that taking precautions well in advance of sex makes them feel guilty or cheap. One solution to this birth-control problem is more funds for research on a contraceptive suitable for teen-agers—such as a pill which can be taken safely after intercourse. And Carter's budget does call for an increase of about $16 million in population research.

But even if it rained birth-control pills in Baltimore, some unmarried teen-agers still would be getting pregnant there. Many young women—especially among the poor—lack the motivation to postpone pregnancy. It's difficult to ask a poor teen-ager to wait until marriage when the extraordinarily high youth unemployment rates prevent young couples from finding steady jobs. Under these circumstances, the chance that a young woman can look forward to a lasting marriage is reduced, and she knows it. Nor is staying in school an attractive alternative, given the sorry state of urban education and the grim employment situation for those who graduate. Un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less the government makes a serious effort to lower unemployment, particularly youth unemployment, some teen-age childbearing will continue among young women from low-income families.

And as important as reducing unemployment and providing pre- and postnatal services are to teen-agers, these steps will not be sufficient if poor young women's access to abortion is restricted. But that is exactly what has happened since Congress passed the Hyde Amendment last year. This stipulation, named after its sponsor, Rep. J. Hyde of Illinois, prohibits the federal government from reimbursing the states for the costs of abortions performed under Medicaid, except in cases of severe and lasting physical health damage, rape or incest, or a threat to the life of the mother. Most states have simply stopped paying for Medicaid abortions—only fourteen were still paying as of mid-February. In 1976 there were about 300,000 Medicaid abortions (not all teen-agers, of course), so the effect of this restriction could be considerable. Carter supported the cutback. When asked if the amendment was unfair to poor women, he replied that morality was at issue and "there are many things in life that are not fair."

The Carter/Califano's position on abortion is one reason why they've put forward a program which emphasizes services for teen-agers who already are pregnant, instead of prevention for those who aren't. But to support the comprehensive centers they favor, Carter has budgeted only an additional $60 million, enough to help just a fraction of the teen-agers who will give birth to children out of wedlock.

Most health professionals, however, would agree that both kinds of program are needed: preventive services for those who have never been pregnant and maternal services and counseling for those who have been. Without good preventive programs—and particularly without abortion—the teen-age birth rate may rise even higher. Yet, no program now imaginable will eradicate teen-age pregnancies and births, so centers which provide maternal services are also necessary. And the Hopkins Center staff notes that the cost of their program may be recouped as the young mothers stay in school and avoid repeat births, instead of going on welfare. The problem, though, is that another $60 million is not enough for either preventive or maternal services, let alone both. If we wish to attack the problem seriously, more new funds must be found. But Carter, as his press secretary says, is as tight as a tick, and it is doubtful that Congress will be much more generous. If they aren't, some hard choices must be made. We may be forced to decide whether, for teen-age pregnancy $1 of prevention is not worth $100 of cure. □

THE WORLD'S SKEWED PRIORITIES

Social Costs and the Arms Race

RUTH LEGER SIVARD

The images of modern war haunt our memories: the ashes of Hiroshima, London in flames, a napalmed child running in silent agony, the countless scenes of indiscriminate terror and destruction that shock and repel. An arms race, by contrast, has no visual identity. It moves along quietly, impersonally, a complex phenomenon seemingly remote from daily life and best left to the experts. The financial burden, if we occasionally feel its weight in the tax bill, is to be borne for peace and security.

However, today's arms race is neither remote nor benign in its effects on world society. The excessive military expenditures demanded by this malign competition are silent killers, taking lives as wantonly as if the weapons they produce had been put to use. The extreme poverty endured by one-third of humanity—the deteriorating cities, the young people without hope of jobs, the children with distended bellies for want of adequate food—is one byproduct of an arms race gone wild. It is the real cost of an obsessive drive for security through weapons.

The first priority of governments today is military power, and as a whole they spend more on military defense than on any other responsibility to the public. The world's military expenditures in 1978 will exceed $400 billion; on average, they take $1 in every $6 paid in taxes. But the financial outlay gives only a partial picture of the scope of the military activity. These budgets now support 23 million men in the regular armed forces, another 13 million in paramilitary forces, and 21 million in the reserves. With an additional 25 million to 30 million civilians employed in military-related jobs, the world military population has reached an unprecedented number for a time when no major war is being fought. It is as large as the combined populations of Mexico and Canada.

Throughout the world, the power of the military bureaucracy extends into all branches of government. In central governments, its workers outnumber all other public employees and account for a major share of public payrolls. They also administer the largest slice of government revenues. In a growing number of governments, military officers hold the key positions of power; more than 40 percent of developing nations are under military control.

The official military power structure has its counterpart in industry. Payments of $80 billion a year for military equipment have made the arms-producing industry one of the largest and richest in the world, and the only

Ruth Leger Sivard is the former chief of the Economics Division in the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and the author of an annual report, World Military and Social Expenditures.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one with such a sizable representation within government itself. Nor is arms production any longer a monopoly of the industrialized nations—it is the new growth industry of the developing world. An estimated one-fourth of developing nations have acquired indigenous production facilities for arms as sophisticated as fighter aircraft and missiles. Some of these developing nations have in turn become suppliers to other nations.

Several factors operate to keep this military-industrial-political complex in perpetual motion, spiraling upward steadily in size and strength. To a striking degree rivalry and antagonism between the United States and the Soviet Union have shaped the military competition in the postwar period. Although their peoples total only 11 percent of the global population, these two nations alone spent almost two-thirds of the world's military outlay between 1960 and 1976. Their dominance has diminished somewhat over the years, economically as well as militarily, but in 1977 they still accounted for half the global military budget.

The arms race has been propelled by an exceptionally heavy investment in weapons research. Between 1960 and 1977, an estimated $336 billion went into research and development of new weapons, almost 80 percent of it spent by the two superpowers. The technological drive among the major military powers has also spurred military budgets and spread weapons across the world. The export of arms—primarily by the United States and the USSR, but also by France, the United Kingdom and other industrialized nations—was encouraged as a way to ease the balance of payments, spread costs, and maintain the pace of military development. In this competition, governments themselves became the new "merchants of death." By the 1970s the arms manufacturers were doing a yearly export business of $10 billion, a rapidly growing proportion of it with the developing nations.

The push for the newest in weapons came from the buyers as well as the sellers. Jet fighters, attack bombers and missiles became the symbols of national prestige, and even nations without the technical personnel to operate them were ready to mortgage their foreign exchange to acquire them. Rapidly rising oil revenues accelerated the buildup of arms in the Middle East, the region where by far the largest buyers were to be found. However, sophisticated weapons have been shipped to every corner of the globe. In 1975, eighty-three developing nations imported arms, and more than one-fifth of them were among the world's poorest nations, with income averaging less than $200 a year. The military expenditures of developing nations as a whole have increased much more rapidly than has the economic base to support them.

In military terms, the effect of the arms race of the 1960s and 1970s is a sharply elevated destructive potential everywhere on the globe, and an increased threat of random annihilation. The nuclear weapon nations now include the United States, Russia, Great Britain, China, France, India and possibly Israel. The first two have between them 14,000 strategic nuclear warheads, enough to destroy every city in the world seven times over, and 30,000 tactical (battlefield) nuclear weapons. Among the other states, there are an estimated 500 additional nuclear weapons. But overkill is no longer confined to nuclear stockpiles. The so-called conventional arms, on which 80 percent of military budgets have been spent, have increased dramatically in kill power as well as numbers. Napalm, binary nerve gas, anti-personnel cluster bombs and other such weapons have narrowed the gap between the destructiveness of nuclear and conventional weapons.

Meanwhile there is no evidence that this vast expansion of destructive power has made any area of the world more secure. Any national monopoly of modern weapons technology has been short-lived, since a technological advance by one nation is promptly duplicated by its adversary. Change is constant, instability increases, and the whole world has been made hostage to military forces of incalculable power.

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

In cost to society, the consequences of the arms race have been far-reaching and ruinous. No weapon need be fired: the profligate expenditure of resources for nonproductive use has been enough in itself to undermine the economy and seriously weaken the fabric of society.

One result has been the spiraling inflation that bedevils every nation. Heavy military spending generates buying power without producing an equivalent supply of economically useful goods for the market. The excess of disposable income adds to pressure on prices and in time becomes a prescription for intractable inflation. A disproportionate number of its many victims are among the weakest members of society: the old suffer more than jobholders, the poor with marginal incomes more than the rich.

The $3 trillion that had been poured into military programs in the 1960s and early 1970s was a significant cause of the 1973 boom in world prices, although the abruptness of the break was attributed to the oil embargo. In that year the worldwide rise in consumer prices accelerated to 11 percent from the annual average of 4 percent that had been common in previous years. In 1974 the jump

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was 15 percent over 1973 levels. Stimulated by the continuing military strain on resources, the year-to-year increase has fluctuated between 10 and 15 percent ever since.

Productivity gains are slowed as military spending vies with civilian investment for the technology and capital goods that insure growth. It is a competition in which the bargaining power of the military is strengthened by cost-plus contracts. Innovation for civilian needs lags far behind the dramatic advances in weaponry. Military and space programs absorb more public research funds than do all civilian needs combined. As long as military requirements have priority, essential research that could yield new sources of energy, increase food production, provide better housing, improve health, employment and the conditions of life generally will languish.

The sluggish U.S. economy and the deterioration of the dollar may illustrate these consequences more effectively than would global data. From 1960 to 1973, while U.S. military expenditures grabbed 8 percent of GNP and investment was 14 percent of GNP, productivity grew no more than 3 percent per year. In six other major industrialized countries for which data are available, the military burden was less; in all six, investment was higher and productivity rose more rapidly. Japan provided the most striking contrast: only 1 percent of its GNP went to military expenditures in this period; the rate of investment was double the U.S. rate and the growth of productivity three times as fast.

Unemployment is another side effect of the arms race. As military purchases restrict investment and growth in the civilian economy, they limit the civilian job opportunities that are essential for an expanding labor force. Military-related jobs do not provide an adequate alternative. Government spending on weapons yields only half as many jobs as would equivalent funds if spent on houses, schools, transit systems and health services. Weapons production is capital intensive, and the relatively few jobs that it does provide tend to be concentrated in the higher-skill categories. For these reasons alone, weapons production puts an especially heavy burden on developing countries, which typically have large labor surpluses but relatively few trained workers.

Price inflation, a slower growth rate, rising unemployment, give only a partial picture of the impact of the arms race on society at large. Since they compete for finite government resources, military expenditures also have a direct and immediate effect on the allocation of funds to meet human needs. They divert resources from education, health, nutrition and other basic needs of society, and severely reduce the aid that richer countries make available for the development of the poorer.

As a result, the gap between the rich peoples and the poor peoples is widening at an alarming rate. The children for whom there are no schools, the adults who are illiterate, the people who suffer from chronic malnutrition, unclean water, a shortage of housing and medical care, are present in steadily growing numbers. In a world rich enough to spend $400 billion a year on an oversupply of military power, one person in three lives in painful poverty.

The developed world has one-fourth of the global population and three-fourths of the global product. It also spends three-fourths of the world's military budget. The economic aid that the rich, developed nations provide to the poor, developing ones is equivalent to about 5 percent of those rich countries' military expenditures. But in the developing countries, too, budgets are skewed in favor of military programs. Overall, the military outlay of developing nations is as large as all their public investment in the education and health care of their 3 billion people.

While governments worldwide give priority to military defense, the social deficit grows ever larger. The number of children requiring education increases faster than the schools to house them. An estimated 500 million school-age children are not in school. Among adults, there are now 800 million in the world who can neither read nor write. The backlog of facilities for health care is even more pronounced. In developing nations only one person in five has access to official medical care; most rural areas are without a single doctor. On average, the rate of infant mortality is five times greater in developing than in developed nations; in some of the poorest countries it is twenty times greater than in the richest. Life expectancy ranges from an average of 38 years in some poorest nations to averages of 75 years in some of the richest.

Perhaps most shocking today of all the unmet basic needs is adequate food for all mankind. Malnutrition is still the single most important public-health problem in the developing nations. An estimated billion people lack sufficient food to meet their minimum daily requirements of calories. In many areas two-thirds of the children are undernourished.

It is not only in the developing nations that millions are trapped in conditions of extreme want. As President Carter pointed out during a recent speech in Caracas: "Throughout the world the fruits of growth have been very unequally distributed. Among nations and within nations wealth coexists with abject poverty and suffering."

The United States itself illustrates the appalling dimensions of a social deficit that leaves no nation untouched. In America 23 million people live below the poverty line, 6.5 million are unemployed, 2 million children are not in school, 10 million children are without basic health care. Among Western countries the United States has an exceptionally high crime rate. The death rate due to homicides is several times higher than in other developed nations. Public surveys in 1973 and 1974 indicated that 45 percent of Americans are afraid to walk alone in their neighborhoods at night.

In military strength the United States is the most powerful nation in the world. In fiscal 1978 it will spend $112 billion for its military defense; only eight nations can boast a total national income as large as the budget we devote to military defense every year. Yet we have been unable to buy national security, despite an investment in weapons unparalleled in history. Indeed, no nation has managed to buy security with military spending. On the contrary, by straining the world economy and fostering the neglect of social needs, the arms race has amplified instability and insecurity. It has itself become the major threat to international security. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

All in the Family

THE EIGHTH SIN. *By Stefan Kanfer. Random House. 288 pp. $8.95.*

SAUL MALOFF

In our time the Holocaust is the preeminent instance of the limits of art in its attempts to assimilate the unassimilable. The emotions generated by it are altogether daunting, unmanageable, even unnameable; they flood the sensorium, are vaster and more diffuse than our capacity to subdue them into the shapes of art and thereby assuage them. The Holocaust looms over us but at a great and expanding distance, isolating us from our own history.

Nothing seems adequate to it, not singly, certainly not in the aggregate—not all the novels, poems, plays, films, dance, pageantry, statuary, stained-glass windows, abstract sculpture, monuments, ceremonies contrived to commemorate and absorb it. For a moment, a day, we are impressed; and then they recede, becoming an impediment to the imagination which can never possess the experience in its fullness, or just another obstacle to the eye. About such enterprises in mass entertainment as the recent television spectacular, *Holocaust*, delightfully interspersed, by way of comic relief, with joyous, bouncy, melodious little "messages" about shampoos, microwave ovens, deodorants and emetics—about that interminable little exercise in futility and bathos, the less said the better.

An intimidating if not impossible subject. Stefan Kanfer, the author of the latest attempt to engage it, begins (in self-defense) by reducing the scale drastically and shifting the focus. Not Jews this time, or not Jews centrally. Benoit, the narrator-protagonist, is a Gypsy, the only surviving member of his family, and virtually, he comes to feel, the last remnant of his people. While still a child his camp is liberated by the British Army; he is sent to England and there meets and is adopted by an American Jew, Max Kaufman, who is a professor of literature at an English university, and his English wife, a painter. Subsequently he goes with them to New York City where almost all of the action of the novel save the climactic scene takes place. Mordecai, that old rascal, a Polish Jew and himself an immemorial survivor, Yiddish-speaking and proverb-quoting, completes the little household, unless we ought to add, by extension, the Jewish girl who is Benoit's first grand passion and the daughter of the Yiddish actress who is Mordecai's special friend.

By these means, Kanfer has it both ways: though he insists on Benoit's Gypsy-ness, Jews dominate the book by their powerful presence; "the Jews," as he says, "who gave me back myself. . . . They all knew something; they had some connection that would always be denied the Gypsy remnant. They understood, they understood." The Jews, after all, survived as a people and a "nation risen from the flames and bones and screams"; but the Gypsies, Benoit points out, were totally annihilated and dispersed.

Another presence pervades Benoit's life and imagination: Eleazar Jassy, the Gypsy *Kapo*, not only the willing killer of his people but a particularly glad and avid one. All the action is postwar; the reminders of genocide assert themselves in the form of scattered passages of recollected dialogue involving Eleazar and Benoit and more prominently and frequently by means of "Items," the testimony of witnesses, victims and Nazis, gleaned from the literature of the Holocaust as it bears on the fate of the Gypsies. Apart from these, Benoit is insistently—even aggressively, so to speak loudly—silent about the Holocaust, repudiating in the singular purity of his feeling the very term as euphemistic. For months following his release he is mute; thereafter not a word about it, not even to his adoptive parents, who never think to question him, not even to ask his surname. In obliging the boy, they oblige Kanfer even more.

In his eloquent flight from language, Benoit develops his native gift for painting, the language of silence, and becomes a highly successful portrait painter. But again he has it both ways: enveloped in his impenetrable silence, he allows the stark documents to do his talking for him; and as he is an omnivorous reader, as befits Max Kaufman's son, he's wonderfully adept at providing us, at all moments of high feeling, and in place of it, with suitable references to and quotations from the history of culture. Louis Armstrong, sitting for his portrait, unpacks his heart for him (then slyly conceals it behind the famous grin); Auden, with a poet's prophetic wisdom, tells him: "You read too much." Yeats, Joyce, Pound, Mann, Eliot, Cummings, Dylan Thomas, Kafka, C.S. Lewis, Proust, Anatole France, Zola, Balzac, DeQuincy, Donne—among others—are summoned up from the depths to give voice to his lyrical silences. Mourning his decayed marriage and the death of love, he beckons Yeats: "What shall I do for pretty girls / Now my old bawd is dead?" (never mind that the lines and the marvelous little poem in which they echo are wonderfully wrong for the occasion); and as Benoit bids farewell to his English school and England to embark for the Upper West Side of Manhattan, what should he ring in but Eliot's "Hurry up, please, it's time." Quitting time is quitting time, no matter what is being quitted, and by whom, and in what circumstances; and an irresistibly thumping good line is a thumping good line.

Benoit's emotions in general and especially those evoked whenever he approaches the forbidden ground of the Holocaust are further encased in fashionable, or once-fashionable, language, a little lexicon of swank terms of coffeehouse provenance. Nervously protecting his flanks, he speaks mockingly of his "celebrated dispassionate, detached manner"; elsewhere he speaks of his "numbness," grandiosely adding that this "condition is the real hell, this incapacity, this lack of passion, but in the beginning it always feels like grace." And in another meditation: "Maybe history was the nightmare from which we were trying to waken, but for me nightmares were the history from which I was trying to awaken"—a meditation which may sound to some stern ears more like wordplay, rather as if the sufferer were courting his nightmares, anguish too deep for tears as a form of preening self-aggrandisement.

From the beginning Eleazar Jassy is the loaded gun on the mantelpiece; so when at long last Benoit spots him one dark night, only to see the onetime *Kapo* vanish as suddenly as he appears, it is no surprise. But we are to wait a long time before the gun goes off—

Saul Maloff, a novelist and critic, is working on a memoir of the McCarthy era.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long enough for Benoit to live a full if not happy life. An odd narrative strategy: remove the Holocaust from the novel and what is left is an unremarkable account of Benoit's life in art and love—the standard initiation through the ministrations of a whore, a term in the slammer as a juvenile delinquent, first love, a disastrous marriage. The phantom *Kapo*, who is and must be the ground condition of the novel, drops out of mind for long stretches as Benoit, who suddenly remembers to be obsessed by him at odd times, goes about his daily rounds. As he says, though not in the figure of a haunted man but rather in that of a clever writer: "My conscience turned around three times like a dog settling down, and went to sleep."

Perhaps it has something to do with his ancestry. He is no Simon Wiesenthal, he says, nor was he meant to be: ". . . we are not dealing here with your average obsessive-compulsive. We are dealing with the Gypsy rover, the one who looks for exits in the theatre before he sits down." Now I must confess with regret that I cannot pretend to count Gypsies among my best friends; but if Benoit were not there to tell me on every page that he is in fact a Romany Ishmael, the last trustee of his people, I might have mistaken him for a Jewish intellectual (who, as Auden snappishly remarked, reads too much) trying to pass for one.

The construction of the novel turns out, as it must, to be a trap, and the grand finale a bag of tricks. (The presiding writer here is none of the illustrious figures in the literary directory but Raymond Chandler, who is several times alluded to, quoted, brooded upon.) The woman, a former nun and Nazi-hunter who could have directed Benoit to Eleazar, is murdered, causing a delay in the hunt, but finally he picks up the trail, penetrates his quarry's complex disguise (lingustic, surgical and chemical) and, disdaining the gentle kill by gun, beats him to death with his bare hands. Benoit Kaufman's true surname, the novel's closely guarded transparent secret is . . . but there was never any question of it. Blood tells: fleeing the police he escapes to his ancestral Europe and, resuming his birthright, disguises himself as the Gypsy he is not, living the life of the road sketching on sidewalks for coins—and getting off a final quotation: *Mon semblable, mon frère*. How could it be otherwise?

> ITEM: One day I saw Elizabeth Koch kill four Gypsy children because they had eaten the remains of some food. . . .
>
> ITEM: The official Polish estimate—the most conservative and not universally accepted—is that approximately 52,000 Gypsies (children made up at least one-third of this total) were killed in four camps. . . .
> ITEM: The Germans began to kill the Gypsies. There were two houses full of Gypsies. They threw small children out of high windows onto the cobblestones and there was a lot of blood. . . .
> ITEM: First the [Gypsy] girl was forced to dig a ditch, while her mother, seven months pregnant, was left tied to a tree. With a knife they opened the belly of the mother, took out the baby and threw it in the ditch. Then they threw in the mother and the girl, after raping her. They covered them with earth while they were still alive. . . .

These representative specimens, along with many others strewn throughout the book, are from the documentary literature of the Holocaust. Multiply them by a thousand, by a thousand thousand; then add to them the mass scenes—the gas chambers, the crematoriums, the machine-gun squads. And then, slowly, tenderly, feed them into the imagination. It is against all this, and so much more, that a novel must prevail. □

A Safe Cruise

AN ABSOLUTE GIFT. *By Ned Rorem. Simon and Schuster. 286 pp. $9.95.*

BEN SONNENBERG

"Early this morning," Ned Rorem writes in his new book, *An Absolute Gift*, ". . . I bought *New York* magazine with the faint hope of finding a review, however brief and bad, of my two birthday concerts. In the taxi I read a sizeable critique—the sort for which your most indulgent fantasies yearn vainly. Unqualifiedly Alan Rich takes my defense, absolves me, so to speak, from the crime of being me, and by so doing, he not only justifies my 'American worth' to critical foes who confound persona with product but admits to a covert longing to *be* me (as I want to be Doris Day)." And then, apropos Molly Haskell's study *From Reverence to Rape*, Rorem writes, "Especially clear are . . . her remarks on Doris Day, who's my secret love (I even want to be Doris Day)."

Repeated twice in a not-long book, the parenthetical wish to be a desirable, strong-willed woman of indomitable virtue and impressive gentility establishes Rorem as the type of Middle Western sectarian who flees a philistine environment to make good artistically elsewhere, first swallowing the medicines of promiscuous sex, notoriety, alcohol, drugs, black coffee or sleeping until noon, then to return and punish the folks with failure or success. Proportions respected, it could as well be Anderson or Lewis, Pound or Edgar Lee Masters, William Burroughs, Natalie Barney, Lana Turner or Hart Crane. It could as well be Taylor Meed *On Amphetamine and in Europe*.

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Jane Street *and other plays.*

Such at any rate was the Rorem of the *Paris* and *New York Diaries*. Now here is the diarist *after* the hedonising hegira: on Channel 13, in *The New York Times*; much performed, and with a Pulitzer Prize very well deserved. Could he still be feeling, with Doris Day (no less as the subject of *Doris Day: My Life* than as the star of *Love Me or Leave Me*), that one does penance for pleasure; that worldly success is bittersweet, alloyed by the Protestant ethic: as nothing when faced with middle age, broken health, disillusioned libido, and sure mortality? Sometimes it sounds that way, as when he writes: "Success doesn't make one less cranky, it lends authority to crankiness. As people age and turn more successful—or less successful—they tend to get more central." Alas, if with Rorem the fact of success yields only inferior irony and banality like this, what can be hoped for the no less complex question of growing old?

Rorem is *the* composer in America of the art song. He is said to have written hundreds. In their feeling for verse, he has been compared to Campion and to Britten; in their feeling for speech, to Thomson (by Virgil Thomson himself). He also has written opera and several orchestral works, and has published, as well as the *Diaries*, four pungent books of opinion. From a serious music point of view, an able critic of rock, probably our most able, he is known for predilections for 20th-century French music, Billie Holiday, and the Beatles.

An Absolute Gift is Rorem's eighth book, also his most miscellaneous: part diary, part music criticism, part culture chat, part metaphysics. So is each chapter a hodgepodge. This isn't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always bad. An attractive essay on Poulenc is invigorated with personal reminiscence; aesthetic theory is nicely mixed with gossip and shoptalk. And yet overall, a discursive approach, used equally for the subjects of movie music and death, means *An Absolute Gift* reads more like spoken than written prose, but less like conversation than like talk on a "serious" talk show.

On movie music Rorem writes well and says all he has to brightly, in three or four paragraphs. He is good on non-sacred subjects, like movies, generally. As he reasons best from particulars (what a good reviewer he is!), it follows he is better on vocal performance than on song, on song than on music, on poets than on poetry, on reputation than on achievement. The meaner the particular the better he reasons, too. Good as he is on concerts, he is better on cruising, envy, fame and feeling inferior, and better still on the question of going from "queer" to "gay."

He is also a maker of good smart remarks: "Whatever became of rough trade?," "What the world needs is a Society for the Promotion of Last Performances." By contrast, his philosophical introspections are flat. They try as apothegms but fail. They read as if processed for a large, invisible, ill-defined audience of dubious taste but probable hate. In other words, they are defensive. So bromides on suicide, sickness and sex alternate with banausic saws like "Students don't learn by instruction but by imitation," "Art moves us, propaganda changes us," "All is habit, and so is art."

Byron refrained from middle age. Somewhere or other Byron wrote "from that moment on" (was he yet 28?) "I began to grow old in my own esteem, and in my estimation growing old is not an estimable thing." Rorem is not so wise. Well, Byronic middle age, be it known, exacts a heavy price: self-loathing. The price exacted from us is very heavy too. Not so much in boredom, exasperation, as in poignance: for we well remember the flirty young man of the *Diaries* with the queenly old sexual coward, casuistical Julien Green.

But more than diversion, more even than wit (of the wicked kind), we miss in *An Absolute Gift* an exquisite quality Rorem once showed plentifully of danger. He will know what I mean. He himself complains: "As for Phillipe Petit, the notorious *trapéziste*, he lacks eroticism, vulnerability. . . ." I'm sure he will know what I mean. □

Cardinals' Red Scare

THE FINAL CONCLAVE. *By Malachi Martin. Stein and Day. 354 pp. $11.95.*

JACK MILES

On April 28, 1978, in the *National Review*, Malachi Martin published a column entitled "Papal End Game." If you have read that column, you don't need to read this book. What the column said was that Pope Paul VI, despite the hard line he has taken on matters like contraception and the ordination of women, is well along in a political accommodation with Moscow and the other Communist capitals of Eastern Europe. "The premise of Paul's policy from the beginning," Martin wrote, "has been that Communist regimes are inevitable in those key areas, and that the future of Christianity and the survival of Church institutions are tied to the Third World and to some form of the 'proletarian revolution.'" The Pope has taken no action against the Marxist-Christian "theology of liberation," while moving sharply against the Traditionalist movement of Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre. The election of a collaborationist successor to Pope Paul has therefore to be regarded as likely, and "this will, in many countries, be all that is needed to push the already substantial Marxist vote over the edge at the polls."

Caught between Communist and capitalist power, how should the Church choose? *The Final Conclave*, a novel about the election of the next Pope, gives us Malachi Martin's opinion. Its one advance over the column comes when, at the eleventh hour, a young African cardinal makes an impassioned plea for a new Church policy. Vatican property he would put into an international, nondenominational lay trust fund. The system of diplomatic missions to and from the Vatican he would dismantle. The Lateran Treaty of 1929, creating the Vatican City itself, he would renounce. And he would give formal notice that henceforth the Holy See, beholden to no power but Christ's, will adjust its preaching to please no worldly potentate. Finally, he would appoint a watchdog committee of cardinals to eliminate abuses that have crept into doctrine and practice. The African's policy is passed to cries of "You are Peter," he himself is elected Pope, and accommodation with Marxism is rendered otiose by a deeper radicalism.

Could it happen? Well, Martin is far from the first to propose that the next Pope might be a Third-Worlder. Nor is he the first to want to link a reaffirmation of traditional Church teaching to a rededication of churchmen to evangelical poverty. After the publication of Pope Paul's *Humanae vitae*, the encyclical that shocked Catholic liberals by reaffirming a blanket ban on artificial contraception, Daniel Callahan suggested in *Commonweal* that the Pope might just get away with it—that is, he might just salvage his right to moral leadership—if he ordered all Church property to be sold and the proceeds given for the support of children who would be born into poverty because of his words. In effect, Malachi Martin's African cardinal calls Callahan's bluff, and the prospect of such a reform is interesting to contemplate. It might have made, say, another paragraph or two in the *National Review*.

Alas, it does not make a 350-page novel. With Malachi Martin's store of Church gossip, a Morris West or a J.F. Powers might have told a passable story, weaving the private lives and personal histories of 115 old men from all corners of the world into the natural plot line and time limit of the Papal election itself. But Martin is not a West or a Powers. Declamation is his forte. *The Final Conclave*'s last 200 pages consist of one cardinal after another, in one speech after another, all orating in a single monotonously formal style. No cardinal ever goes along with another cardinal's position for the sake of argument. None ever illustrates his point with a parable or a poignant anecdote. At no point is there the fascination of philosophical dialogue. No, the election of a Pope is a political event, and Martin gives us political rhetoric. I thought it would never end.

In another section entitled "The Time Before the Conclave: The Pre-Conclave Bulletins, 1970-1977," we have Martin himself, in a weird fake of newsreel voice-over prose, summarizing the events of Pope Paul's last years. (Evidently Martin expects the Pontiff to die this year, though at 80, he is only three years older than John XXIII was when

Jack Miles, an ex-Jesuit himself and now an editor at the University of California Press, studied philosophy at the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome before doing a doctorate in Semitic languages at Harvard. He has published in various learned and popular journals, including Commonweal, Worldview *and the* National Review, *and was for two years Catholic books editor for a prominent New York publisher.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he *began.*) A typical "bulletin" is the following:

> ON THE INITIATIVE OF PAUL 6 AND SECRETARY OF STATE VILLOT, THE VATICAN STARTS TO PREPARE MINDS FOR COMMUNIST PARTICIPATION IN EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS.
>
> The first inkling of this initiative comes in June of this year. It starts in France. For the Vatican as for Moscow, France is the linchpin. . . .

One is reminded of Walter Cronkite in the old *Twentieth Century* television series. But Paul VI is not Rommel in Africa; and even if he were, Martin plainly doesn't know how to write the kind of prose called for.

This portion of the book is objectionable on another count. I have called *The Final Conclave* a novel, but Stein and Day, the publishers, not only omit the crucial phrase "A Novel" from the title, they also disguise the fictitiousness of the book with publicity as bad as the worst of the recent H.R. Haldeman hype. Thus in advertising and press releases, Martin dramatically "reveals" and "discloses," and Sol Stein says as if to a hushed audience:

> When Lila Karpf, Malachi Martin's editor, brought the manuscript to Patricia Day and me, we both realized that because of the nature of the revelations in the book, normal publishing procedures could not be followed. No galley proofs were made. Advance review copies could not be distributed. Typesetting and production of the book were under tightly controlled circumstances.

What nonsense, or what showmanship: there are no "revelations" in this book. It opens with a coy "author's note":

> The heart of this book, beginning on page 113, is the description of Conclave 82. The participants are fictional. But in every other respect it is a scenario based upon the factual material preceding it and upon all available accurate knowledge of the issues and factions at work in the choice of Pope Paul's successor.

A novel by another name, *The Final Conclave* is to the Church what *The Crash of '79* is to Wall Street or *Coma* to medicine. Why have Stein and Day not said so?

Apropos the "bulletins" and the "factual material" they contain, it is at least as important that Malachi Martin is an *ex*-priest as that he is an ex-*priest*. The Stein and Day flap copy identifies him as "former Jesuit professor at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome" and adds: "From 1958 to 1964 . . . he was a close associate of Cardinal Augustine Bea and of Pope John 23." (Stein and Day eschew Roman numerals and so we have Paul 6 and John 23. The Popes sound like characters out of *Star Wars* or maybe a couple of Black Muslims.) In equivalent American terms, Martin taught briefly at the Harvard Law School and, before leaving government altogether, was an associate of the late Lyndon Johnson and the late John Kennedy. This is an insider?

Now, mind you, a certain sort of Harvard law professor never gets over his one brush with power, never forgets those heady days when the reporters came to him for the hot tips. If such a professor digests the *whole* American press and then goes to another country where nobody knows much about American government anyway, he can continue—at least for a while—to play the old game. Something like this seems to be the path chosen by the former Father Martin, S.J. Although his "bulletins" are not footnoted, most of them could be. No one who keeps up even casually with the international Catholic press will blink at too much of it. One suspects in fact that Martin could put out a nice newsletter, something like an English *Informations catholiques.* But why scurry about like an ecclesiastical I.F. Stone when one can solemnly divulge like an ecclesiastical Henry Kissinger?

Though clever publicity has given this book a good advance sale, bad writing will assure that few readers finish it. (The African cardinal's proposal comes on page 341 of 350.) Its influence then will remain small, but such as it is, it will be distorting, for it presents a Catholic Church so totally dominated by its Pope that the only important Catholic question is, who will that Pope be? But the Church is not quite like that anymore. To put it concretely, if the Pope cannot enforce a ban on contraceptives, can he impose his views for or against Marxism? And if he cannot, how important in the real life of the Church is any Marxist accommodation that he might arrange?

The answer, obviously, is still "quite important," but Martin's book obscures the fact that adjusting to a decentralization of moral authority within the Church is, in the long run, just as important as accommodating to an exterior threat like communism. To give him his due, Martin has one conclave cardinal discuss this interior shift, this "insurrection." "Faced with such an insurrection," the cardinal asks "what could Rome do? Excommunicate everybody? Ridiculous!" Universal excommunication is ridiculous indeed, but there is in fact nothing Rome can do about a redefinition of papal authority in the Church at large. And such a redefinition seems to be underway, led by respected Catholic theologians and priests such as Hans Kueng, Peter Huizing and August Hasler.

Writers like these reflect, I think, an emerging consensus about the papacy that makes even a papal accommodation with communism seem a secondary issue. Though Roman Catholicism is more like a state than most other religions now are, it still makes its influence felt more as a cultural than as a political force. Malachi Martin likes to talk about decisions made behind closed doors at the Vatican. But not only are such decisions less important now than they have been, they are never, in church politics, as important as they are in civil politics. A President can declare war, a Pope cannot declare faith.

Finally, one has to wonder whether viewed from the other, i.e., the Communist side, a papal accommodation might not well be regarded as a subtle form of entrapment. Exposure to French, Italian, Spanish and Latin American Communists who have been in regular contact with the modified Marxist rhetoric that one hears from Catholic "theologians of liberation" might disrupt Soviet-style communism a good deal more than exposure to any other form of Western ideology, not excluding other forms of Marxist revisionism. The Church, it has been said, has the stomach of an ostrich. Freud has long since gone down its gullet, his atheism excreted as a postulate of no therapeutic relevance, the rest of him assimilated with, at this late date, scarcely a burp or fart to be heard. It took decades, but the Church is not in a hurry. How many Americans know that the Church already celebrates May 1, the international Communist holiday, as the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker? This may be capitulation, but it may also be aggression. The Church made an accommodation with paganism when it scheduled Christmas to coincide with the Roman Saturnalia, but who now worships Saturn?

Don't get me wrong. I fear communism and am not embarrassed to say so. All the same, if Latin America and Latin Europe go Communist, I am not convinced that a Catholic Church that might look rather accommodating at the start might not eventually prove the all-assimilating unassimilable omnivorous ostrich of a thing it has been so often before. It is possible to have confidence in the Church even when one is not cheerful about its short-term prospects. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You read the best of the liberal magazines.
Now read the best of the libertarian:

LibertarianReview

In a recent issue of the Baron Report newsletter, Allan Baron, Washington editor of *Politicks*, wrote that "various surveys have indicated that, if any trend in opinion is evident, it is toward libertarianism—the philosophy that argues against government intervention and for personal rights."

That is only one of the most recent public recognitions that the libertarian movement is growing quickly today, attracting converts from left and right alike: liberals who are concerned with government violations of civil liberties or with foreign policy adventurism, and conservatives who are authentically concerned with burgeoning "big government." More and more, thinking men and women from every part of the political spectrum are beginning to see that intrusions in every sphere of individual liberty, foreign and domestic, in matters of economic freedom or personal freedoms, stand as totally unjustified, and are turning instead to the only principled movement around: libertarianism.

Just as *The Nation* and the *New Republic* were crucially important for the growth of an intelligent liberalism, the libertarian movement has seen launched its own independent publication devoted to events and issues, a publication willing to battle for its point of view, and to take on all opponents, of whatever political slant. That publication is *Libertarian Review*, a magazine focused on *events*, subjecting national and international developments to careful, probing analyses.

In the pages of *LR* you can find first-rate coverage of the libertarian movement itself. But more important is the range of issues and authors we bring to our reading public. *Libertarian Review* is not afraid to take unorthodox positions on *any* public issue. And, more importantly, we are not afraid to break out of stale political categories, to break out of the obsolescent left/right spectrum, to give you insightful analysis of the issues of the hour. In recent issues, we've had some things you might expect, and some things that might surprise you:

- **Richard J. Barnet's** *"The Present Danger: American Security and the U.S. - Soviet Military Balance."* A hard-hitting critique of the point of view promoted by the "arms zealots" such as the *Committee on the Present Danger*, and the foreign policy hawks of *Commentary* magazine.
- **Earl Ravenal's** *"Liberty and National Security: The Legacy of Interventionism."* A sober look at the legacy of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy, and why Carter's foreign policy won't be much different.
- **Murray Rothbard's** *"Carter's Energy Fascism: Prescription for Power."* Why Carter's energy program is just one more step along the road to energy despotism.
- A lively exchange on *Cambodia* and *"The Myth of Democratic Socialism"* between **Murray Rothbard** and **Noam Chomsky.**

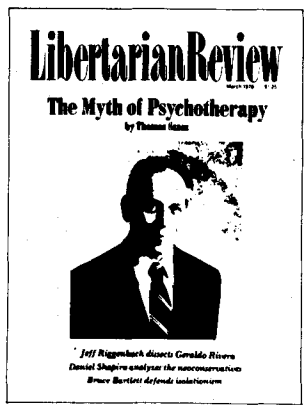
PLUS: Interviews with such notables as **Robert Nozick**, whose defense of "capitalist acts between consenting adults" in his work *Anarchy, State and Utopia* has created a stir in the ivory towers; **Fredrich Hayek**, 1974 Nobel Prize winner in economics, who discussed why his predictions in his classic *The Road to Serfdom* have come true; **Thomas Szasz**, crusader against psychiatric abuse and the "Therapeutic State."

Libertarian Review guarantees to stimulate, aggravate, and infuriate. It will raise questions you've wondered about for years—and some you'd never dream of considering. It may challenge many of your most firmly held beliefs. But—and this is a promise—it will *never* bore you.

Here's your chance to learn about a fresh new viewpoint—by becoming a subscriber to *Libertarian Review*. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If we ever let you down, just tell us and we'll send you a prompt refund for the balance of your subscription. Join us as we chart the course of America's second libertarian revolution.

LibertarianReview INC

1620 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94111



YES! I want to follow America's second libertarian revolution for

☐ 1 year ($15) ☐ 2 years ($25)

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill my ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercharge account

Number _____ Exp. date _____

Interbank # (Mastercharge) _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not Scared to Death

THE HOSPICE MOVEMENT: A Better Way of Caring for the Dying. *By Sandol Stoddard. Stein & Day. 250 pp. $8.95.*

CAROL BLY

We are rightly afraid of how we will be treated when we are dying: we have learned of the relentless attaching of tubes; we know about patients' being allowed to cry out in agony before a hospital staff member will bring them pain relief. Those are the gritty immediate fears; we have others. We fear no longer being treated as a whole human being. Impersonal gangs of interns gathered around a resident at the foot of our bed as he or she explains our hopeless case don't cause us fear—but the chill of it dismays the spirit. There is more we could dread if we knew of it. "Recent studies have shown," Sandol Stoddard says in her book on hospices as a better way to care for the dying, "that nurses (in hospitals) take, on the average, twice as long to respond to the call-bell of the dying patient as they do to those of patients who are apparently recovering; and doctors themselves, feeling helpless in the situation, tend to avoid visits to the terminally ill."

Success-and-conquer cultures either ignore the dying, or remove them from visibility. Recently they are considered material for research. This is an ugly new development which strikes an ominous note, for in our time we are ever more aware of our industrial, scientific tendency to use our least-muscled members for research: we do it to our children—various writers, most recently and very angrily Lewis Lapham in "Hostages to Fortune," *Harper's*, April 1978, have pointed out that Americans tend to neglect their children in the *caring sector* (the home) and then subject them to the experiments of educators in the *noncaring sector* (the school)—a double kind of dehumanization. We use hospital patients for research; the old, particularly the dying perhaps, aren't much use to us in success-and-conquering any more—so they cease to seem quite so real.

The underlying reason for the neglect or depersonalization of the dying is *not*, however, that they are no longer useful to us: it is of course that our culture is terrified of death. All the recent literature on death and dying suggests that we are prisoners of our projections. We try to hurl our own deaths away from us. Unconsciously, then, we feel that the dying are holding a part of our death on their persons—after all, we threw it at them somehow—so we don't go willingly to visit them. When a whole society "projects" in that way, it attempts to cast a kind of general death upon other societies. We are told that the cure is owning up to our own mortalness, and consenting to not being in control. A success-and-conquer culture, however, does not want to do that psychological work, and therefore—to feel on the safe side—isolates the dying from

Carol Bly is a short story writer whose work has appeared in American Review *and who is a regular columnist for* Minnesota Monthly.

JUGGLER

Someone with skill juggles
three worlds together,
rainbow, miraculous arc.

Something compels a fourth,
widening the circle. Five,
six float in the charged

steep of his mind: soon
others whirl his wrist.
Seven, eight—now he's on

his toes, up, up, rising
with the music of the
spheres. Still unsatisfied,

risks the lot, down on his
knees. He dare not drop one.
Our lives depend on it.

Lucien Stryk

We don't mince words.

In the age of "People," gossip, TV news-as-entertainment and the proliferation of non-news features in leading news publications, The Nation continues to focus on the issues.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

I enclose $_____ payment for:

☐ 1 year (47 issues) $21.00 ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $37.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: ☐ Gift subscription 1 year $18.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10014

Add $1.00 per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2.00 per year for all other foreign subscriptions.
Foreign Subscriptions: Equivalent U.S. Funds

6-17-78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its communities.

Stoddard's book is a thoroughgoing description of the 20th-century hospice movement. Hospice is a team of medical staff, therapists, social workers and domestic staff whose care for the dying is based on three principles: first, pain and fear of pain shall disappear as far as possible, while at the same time, alertness and consciousness will be protected; second, every dying person is a whole human being, with something to teach us; third, hospices shall be as visible as possible in their surrounding communities.

A nurse need not dread answering the call bell of the dying in hospice. Since the dying themselves are not defined as hosts to a terminal disease—but as whole people—the nurse, too, is not defined only as a failed practitioner in the healing arts—but as a whole person. The freeing process works on staff and patients alike. Since death is regarded as a stage, not a failure, there is no shameful need to hide hospices from the general view, and indeed it is advantageous to make their offerings known and felt roundabout. Hospice workers work with the bereaved families for a year or longer after the patient's death; they also make the practical arrangements needed to help families stand by their dying members.

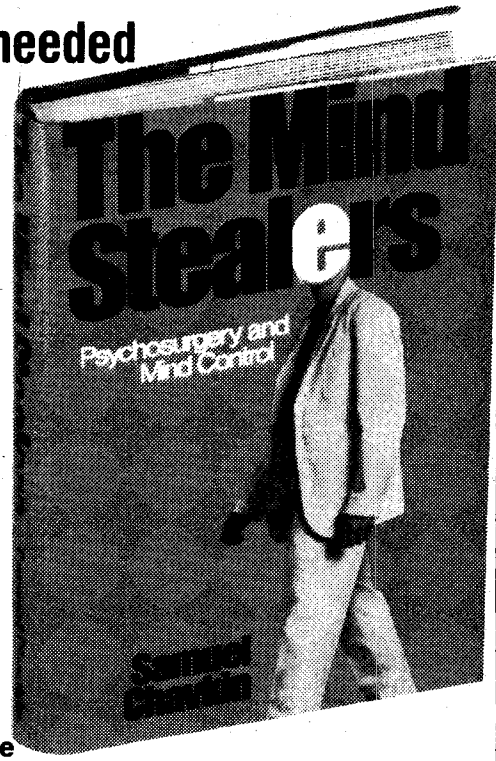
The hospice movement in this century has its models in English hospices like St. Ann's, St. Margaret's, St. Luke's, St. Joseph's and particularly, perhaps, in St. Christopher's, Sydenham, which was founded by Dr. Cicely Saunders, widely known for her talks on hospice principles. America has about seventy-five hospices now, with more being organized all the time. They usually consist of a hospice team, who first reach out into the patients' homes. Then, when pain management or weakness dictate more elaborate attention than home can provide, the patient is brought to the hospice—where every effort is made to preserve the relationship betwen himself and the outside community.

• We have sharp questions to ask hospice people. What is to keep their patients from becoming drug addicts since they get their pain relief round the clock instead of having to wait until it is absolutely necessary? What about euthanasia? Why won't completely unsuitable, maybe even unscrupulous, people set up hospices, resulting in the kind of scandal we have faced with nursing homes? What about state and federal funding for hospice? What if someone who might have been cured gets into a hospice by some mistake and dies needlessly? Stoddard provides a remarkable appendix explaining the pain alleviation principles and listing the drugs and range of amounts; she gives an address to write to for information.

Further questions are raised in a literate and entertaining scene in which a skeptic questions her about the hospice premise. The author provides a hearing, through this "Professor N.," for all our doubts and objections and then replies to them, giving at the same time an account of the funding history of an American hospice (New Haven, Conn.). On the matter of euthanasia she repeats the remark made by a doctor at St. Joseph's (London): a hospice team feel they have failed if any patient *wants* his life terminated. Because hospice patients do not need to fear pain, and because they are surrounded by spiritual counsel, they tend to be glad of their remaining days to make inner discoveries. Hope, not despair, is the fruit of high consciousness.

Sandol Stoddard is an engaging reporter and there is a lot of personal narrative in her book. Deathbed conversations are given verbatim, as are exchanges with well-known hospice leaders like Dr. Lamers and Dr. Saunders. Rooms where people lie are described and we see them; she tells us of holding patients' hands, and we feel those hands, very light, in ours. If the 20th century

"A sober, much needed warning about ...drug and scalpel psychiatry... Eminently and compellingly readable."
—Chicago Tribune



"An important, shocking book that will provoke controversy and outrage... Chavkin's prediction that mind-control techniques could become standard equipment of government prisons and police departments is backed by... names of agencies, labs and professionals."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Will raise eyebrows in legislative chambers across the nation." —*Chicago Sun Times*

"An overview of methods of mind control which recoils at government agencies' unconstitutional techniques... grim indeed."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Does a real service in pointing out the dangers and abuses possible in psychosurgery and punitive behavior modification... Well-documented."
—*Library Journal*

$8.95, now at your bookstore or write to:
Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park Street • Boston Massachusetts, 02107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has brought home some ugly facts about human nature, it also has been a time of two great ideas—in my opinion the two most useful ideas for reform: first, that increasing consciousness is not a luxury to be confined to people like William James and Jakob Boehme—it is a necessity to us all. If we don't work at it, we will be ever more languid about answering the dying patient's call bell. The second idea is that any principle that works *in extremis* should be applied in the normal zones of life as well. Ideas got from reading and experiencing life in its extreme incidents can give a lot of vigor to everyday life. The authors I have liked best on illness are Ernest Becker, Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, Charles Fair, Susan Sontag and now Sandol Stoddard. They write well about illness, but they write even better, I think, about the everyday fight against flailing, ruthless projections.

Stoddard's *The Hospice Movement* is awfully good news in our scary culture. Reading it is like hearing the rumble of reinforcements coming up to help, full of heart. □

Dangerous Channels

REMOTE CONTROL: Television and the Manipulation of American Life. *By Frank Mankiewicz and Joel Swerdlow. Times Books. 308 pp. $15.*

DAVID KIRBY

The theme of this book, as its title suggests, is the extraordinary and often unrealized role that television plays in our lives. As in other, earlier studies, the emphasis is justly placed on (but not limited to) the effect that television has on children. The fact is that adults inevitably judge television from their own perspective, not realizing that, to use the authors' example, a 6-year-old has difficulty comprehending that the left hand of a person facing him will be on his right, yet the same child is expected to understand that it is O.K. for a television character to shoot a rapist who allegedly savaged his wife a few minutes earlier. The child might hear Daddy mutter "shoot the bastard," by which he means "rapists should be punished," but what the child really hears is a hasty sentence of execution passed by one of the two adults he respects most. The child sees a complex problem solved too quickly, too simply, too violently, and every child learns the same lesson. Mankiewicz and Swerdlow remind us that not even a happy home life and responsible adult role models can "mediate" (do they mean "mitigate"?) televised violence.

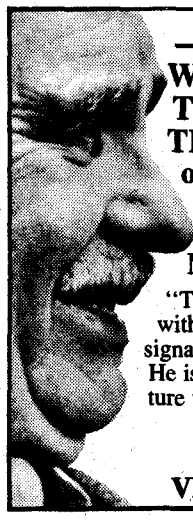
Of course the problem is not that the child will grow up itching to shoot rapists, although there is some danger of that. The problem is that television teaches a kind of phony mental shorthand. It portrays a world in which problems are solved quickly (usually in less than an hour) and definitively (the rapist is shot, the embezzled funds are restored, the cancer is cured). Much is made, in this book and elsewhere, of the effect of television on the behavior of students, and certainly every practicing high school and university teacher has heard pupil after angry pupil reject perfectly valid if necessarily ambiguous arguments because they are not sufficiently short or simple. Is Hamlet crazy? Just say yes or no. Is nuclear power a menace, does the welfare system breed loafers? Teach us what to think.

Remote Control is full of anecdotes which prove how television affects our lives, and many of the stories would be comic if they were not pathetic. For instance, the authors chronicle the rise of Special Weapons and Tactics units in the nation's police departments following the 1974 televised shootout between the Los Angeles S.W.A.T. team and the Symbionese Liberation Army and the subsequent creation of a popular *S.W.A.T.* program by ABC. Whereas the average policeman unholsters his revolver no more than three times during the course of his career, the television publicity given to S.W.A.T. units convinced both the police and the communities which fund them that the world is a much scarier place than previously realized and that therefore more firepower was needed. Now there are more than 500 S.W.A.T. teams in the nation, and visitors to police departments in peaceful suburbs will find baseball-capped officers with knives strapped across their chests and shiny new Israeli submachine guns. A subtler and more serious effect of police shows is that they suggest to the child of a policeman that his father is, not a normally bored and boring individual who pulls his gun about once every ten years, but a borderline criminal who goes around kicking down doors like Starsky and Hutch and who is in constant danger of death. The effect of police dramas on the wives of policemen is similar: the hazards of the profession are genuine, but Mankiewicz and Swerdlow note sadly that real police wives, like police wives on television, sometimes beg their husbands to quit "before it is too late"—without knowing where they got the idea.

As books like *Remote Control* continue to appear, and as police wives and others start to catch on, television will soon outlive completely whatever credibility it once had. But that does not mean that the problem will solve itself: television teaches a phony reality, and more and more viewers are realizing that, yet what other reality do they have? Most of the American public knows that even if they gargle and gulp vitamin tonics they will wake up no healthier and prettier than they were when they went to bed, yet they continue to gargle and gulp—they know that they will fail, yet they know no alternative. The same madness prevails with regard to the programs themselves; otherwise how explain a recent survey of small rural towns which revealed that the residents saw "crime in the streets" as the major issue in their communities? Most of these towns are virtually crime-free, and many of them barely have streets at all. Nonetheless, the respondents to the survey reflected the only reality that they knew. No doubt many tough-talking candidates for mayor and alderman benefited from this phenomenon, for law and order types are sure to succeed, even if the voters mistrust them, as long as no other kind of candidate has as strong a pitch.

So barring the creation of a more muscular Federal Communications Com-

David Kirby is an associate professor of English at Florida State University, currently on leave in Paris.



—AND I WORKED AT THE WRITER'S TRADE Chapters of Literary History, 1918–1978
by
Malcolm Cowley

"There is not a page here without the watermark and signature of intelligence.... He is still a hero of the culture we breathe."
—JOHN LEONARD, *The New York Times*

VIKING $12.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mission, as the authors suggest, television will keep showing the world as it isn't: full of menace, full of problems that can be solved quickly and simply by the right strong man. One of the great dangers of this world view, as I suggest above, is that it might possibly set the stage for totalitarianism, for if there are crooks around every corner, then don't we need a tough guy to stop them before they get started? "Culture," wrote Andre Malraux, "is the free world's most powerful guardian against the demons of its dreams." But in a TV world, will not our culture and our dream demons be one and the same? □

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Satyajit Ray's *The Chess Players* is a masque of a film, in which every gesture, every detail of dress or habitation, is intended to delight your eye; where voices are as sonorous as the music that surrounds the action and emotions are restrained. Meanwhile, the British East India Company moves to absorb Oudh, the last of the independent Indian States; its capital is Lucknow. The players of the title (Sanjeev Kumar and Saeed Jaffrey) are descendants of intrepid generals who were rewarded for their exploits by their warrior King. As a result, the two friends can pass their days in somnambulistic absorption with the "king of games," only dimly aware that their wives have become estranged or that at the palace the reigning King—pale shoot of a militant dynasty, who composes verse, dances and is caressed by his wives—has determined that he must surrender the state and is preparing to do so with the reproachful dignity that is the only recourse open to impotence.

Ray does not take sides in any obvious way as this "last cherry" drops into the mouth of the British raj. The King (Amzad Khan) says himself that he is unfit to rule, wishes that he had never agreed to do so, but was tempted to it by his love of crown and throne. And the British resident (Richard Attenborough) expresses, with more feeling than one would expect from an old soldier, his reluctance to carry out a seizure that breaks Queen Victoria's treaty with Oudh. It all happened more than a century ago, the British have come and gone, and in any case it would be unlike Ray to score propaganda points in a cause as obvious as India's experience of British imperialism. Nevertheless, the film pulls at one with a force that is not explained entirely by the attraction of its visual beauty; I think it derives also from the points that Ray does not deign to make explicit.

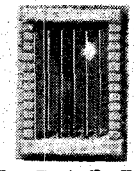
Such passion as the film displays is transposed to the chess cloth, where the friends flare up over irregularities of play and where once a shot is fired in anger—but by mistake and wide of its target—on a question of personal honor. (It is pointed out, by the way, that chess was invented in India, and has now spread throughout the world, being popular especially in England, where, however, they have slightly changed the rules.) One senses that these soft men are indolent and sybaritic not by preference but by circumstance. And at the palace that seems evident. For a hundred years Oudh has preserved its independence by pouring rupees into the coffers of the East India Company, allowing its most promising youths to be mustered into the colonial army and suffering bits of its territory to be nibbled away. A state that cannot defend its integrity against ludicrous odds may contrive to preserve the image of integrity with bribes, but that course does not sustain a national morale.

The Chess Players offers the viewer sustained aesthetic pleasure; it seems by association to emit the most gratifying perfumes. It has been designed to do just that because for several generations the aristocrats of Lucknow cultivated the graces of their civilization to the exclusion of its strengths. In the process, they become selfish, fatalistic and fat, but that was what the mills of Manchester required. I found Ray's latest a film of melancholy splendor.

Like most gawking spectators I am utterly unable to resist the indirections of the prestidigitator's handkerchiefs, and Claude Lelouch led me through *Cat & Mouse* in pursuit of whole schools of red herrings, to arrive at what in retrospect seems a not very astonishing solution. The mystery might have been less profound if the time dimension had not been scrambled and if the camera had been more scrupulous to distinguish between what really happened and what was alleged to have happened.

No matter—the cream of this jest is not greed compounded by murder but *l'amour*. In the first instance, *l'amour* between a middle-aged detective (Serge Reggiani) and his favorite, and similarly mature, suspect (Michele Morgan). For a middle-aged audience, which after all is the mainstay of theatres charging $4 in the afternoon, the time of life in which this charming couple find themselves is a gratifying change from the screen's usual romantic interest. The relatively elderly can identify far more easily with M. Reggiani and Mlle. Morgan than with young lovers scarcely free of their teens and still impetuously callow in their transports. M. Lelouch is shrewd as well as witty, but I was sorry that the one tasteless line in the film made explicit what an aging amorist could have known at a glance—that time had in no way cooled the heroine's ardor.

And *l'amour*, in the second place, for Paris, which all of us feel and frequently express with a passion that somewhat irritates the French, who dislike being crowded out of their cafés and have a particularly low tolerance for hearing their language mispronounced. The opening shot—a long one to accommodate the credits—is up the Seine and past the Eiffel Tower. The vertiginous motor chase proceeds up the Champs Elysées, followed by a tire-screaming three-quarters swing around the Etoile and then out Avenue Foch to end at an

"A revealing account."
—ALA Booklist
"A Harvard graduate, Campbell taught high school English and creative writing in a California prison. This exceptional book is his story....The engrossing sections deal with what he learned, for he gives a memorable picture of what a prison and prisoners are like."
—Publishers Weekly.

DEAD MAN WALKING:
TEACHING IN A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON
W. REASON CAMPBELL
$9.95 at bookstores.
MAREK
Richard Marek Publishers, Inc.
Distributed by G.P. Putnam's Sons
200 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elegant small estate beside the river. The chase is staged twice, in fact, through heavy traffic and the second time on a motorcycle. As we all know, the French on wheels are completely mad.

But they eat well. In *Cat & Mouse* they lunch or dine, I suppose, six or eight times in a couple of theatre hours, domestically or in restaurants, but always in the most pleasant surroundings and on what looks to be delicious food. Actually, one cannot quite see what it is (except for the crisp bread), but the sparkling table settings and the glowing wine are enough to make one swallow convulsively.

The tone of the picture is a weary irony, one that condones venalities but draws the line well short of vice—or vulgarity. Crime is seen as comic and homicide as poor form. It is springtime and Paris beckons—no Air France ad in *The New Yorker* was ever more enticing, and with the fares what they are today. . . .

I thought the corpse psychologically implausible, but I cannot go into that without revealing the secret M. Lelouch has been at such pains to hide. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

Muhal Richard Abrams is an original with an insatiable appetite for history. As a pianist, he is as conversant with the letter and flavor of boogie-woogie and "stride" piano as he is knowledgeable about post-modern idioms that as yet have no labels. And as a composer and teacher, Abrams also hears ecumenically and longitudinally. But, although his presence in jazz (a term for which he has no use) is unmistakably singular, Abrams has created himself through being part of a collective force.

In 1965, Abrams, then 35, became co-founder, in Chicago, of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. For years, jazz players had been talking about self-government—having the decisive say in their aesthetic *and* economic development—rather than being pliant subjects of booking agents and record companies. AACM provided a model. Young players could learn by rehearsing with more established musicians, and in a variety of ensembles. Concerts were produced and promoted by the musicians themselves. There was training in cold business practices as well as in hot improvisation. It was, so say its alumni, a true musicians' community, a place in which to grow and to feel part of everyone else's growth. Jazz had never seen any cooperative venture quite like this in scale and stubbornness.

An index of the fertility of AACM's ambiance is that it turned out to be the germinator of the Art Ensemble, the Creative Construction Company, the Revolutionary Ensemble, and Air, among other groups. Because there was so strong a sense of mutual support, says Joseph Jarman (a key figure in AACM), "each of us developed the idea of continuous searching. And the idea of not being alienated from any direction we might choose to go in."

Abrams himself, who moved to New York in 1977 (he now spends much time in Europe), continues to find searching his true vocation. But, like such other musicians as Dizzy Gillespie, he scoffs at the notion that his searching results in anything entirely "new." Tuned into history, he notes in an interview in *Contemporary Keyboard*, "You're always just incorporating. It comes out *like* something new." Or, as Dizzy puts it: "All the music is out there in the first place, all of it. From the beginning of time, the music was there. All you have to do is try to get a little piece of it. I don't care how great you are, you only get a little piece of it."

But Abrams certainly does sound *like* new on most of his recordings. An invigorating introduction to Abrams is his newest release, *Lifea Blinec* (Arista). With him are Joseph Jarman (diverse reeds, including bassoon), Douglas Ewart (also a multiplicity of reed roles), Amina Claudine Myers (piano/percussion) and Thurman Barker (traps, percussion, marimba, timpani and bells). All the songs are by Abrams, and each is characterized by strong, resilient melodic lines; a feeling for time as a process that expands and contracts; and a sense of continuum, as if all these pieces are an integral part of a lifework which in turn flows back to the beginnings of black music—and, for that matter, to such favorite melodists of Abrams as Bach.

None of his music, however, is factitiously syncretic—like the "third-stream" movement some years ago which tried to fuse classical music and avant-garde jazz. Abrams's sounds are an organic extension of the continually changing microcosm in Abrams's head. He hears organically, being struck by the limitlessness of musical combinations. And so through the years he has developed many styles, each somehow leading to the next. "I really try to transcend *any* style," he says. "I let things develop."

As for the performances on *Lifea Blinec*, they have the AACM mark—the instruments stretched to extract unexpected, sometimes eldritch, textures which whirl into a collective mobile-of-many-colors. There is sudden wit; reflective as well as leaping lyricism; and a pervasive celebration of the very act of sound transformation. Abrams and his assertive progeny, in this and other combinations, can be defiant and sardonic at times, but most of their work transcends anger. And all of it is a witness to the abiding value—in music, as everywhere else—of a firm, nurturing foundation. Muhal Richard Abrams, having built just that foundation in AACM, keeps reaping his just rewards from those he taught to listen ceaselessly, everywhere. □

WRITE YOUR OWN WILL
LEGAL WILL
Join thousands of Americans. For all states except La. It's easy when shown how. For FREE information on "how" and a sample Will Page FREE, write today to WILLS, CCP, Inc., Landmark Bldg., Box 5552 (W-23), Austin, TX 78763.

classified

$1.50 per line / 2 line minimum/ 6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line/ Payment in advance must accompany all orders for less than three consecutive insertions. Classified Display: $20 per inch/ one inch minimum. Send to The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014.

PUBLICATIONS

"TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design" available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

FREE SAMPLE: The New International Review, a quarterly journal of democratic socialist theory. Original articles, book reviews, reprints, new translations. A high-quality publication you've got to see to believe. Box 163, Rosedale, N.Y. 11422.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READ UNITE!, twice-monthly newspaper of the Marxist-Leninist Organizing Committee. Covers trade unions from the revolutionary viewpoint of the proletariat. No other U.S. periodical reports on the Black and Chicano struggles for national self-determination or the battle of women against special oppression from a Marxist-Leninist perspective. Subscriptions: $8 per year. Two sample copies: $1. UNITE!; Dept. N; Box 8041; Chicago, IL 60680.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

BOOKS FROM STOCK or will search. Friedman, Box 847, Easton, PA. 18042.

SERVICES

ANY SUBJECT RESEARCHED. Library of Congress, etc. $12 per hour; American Research Center. P.O. Box 32352N, Washington, D.C. 20007.

RESEARCH, EDITING, WRITING, REWRITING. Prompt dependable, confidential, professional. Directed by Ph.D. Merit Writers Box 2842b, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

EDUCATION

YOUR CHILD'S COLLEGE. What should you know? Pamphlet. $2 check/M.O. Oneota Valley, 612 Ridge Rd., Decorah, Iowa 52101.

INSTRUCTION

SAXOPHONE LESSONS
with composer/performer
$15 per hour
(212) 532-8826.

RUSSIAN!
Speak, Read, Write—all levels
212/989-4266

HELP WANTED

AMATEUR SINGERS WANTED
Nightclubs, concerts, records, band, record required. Must speak English. Manager (212) 974-9300.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA. 19081.

SINGLE? Nationwide introductions! Identity, Box 315-TN, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

SWINGERS. Discreet personal introductions, couples-singles. Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402. (717) 848-1408

LONELY??? FIND YOUR LIFEMATE. Nationwide. Details $1. ELITE, Box 64, New York City 10019

COUNTRY PROPERTY

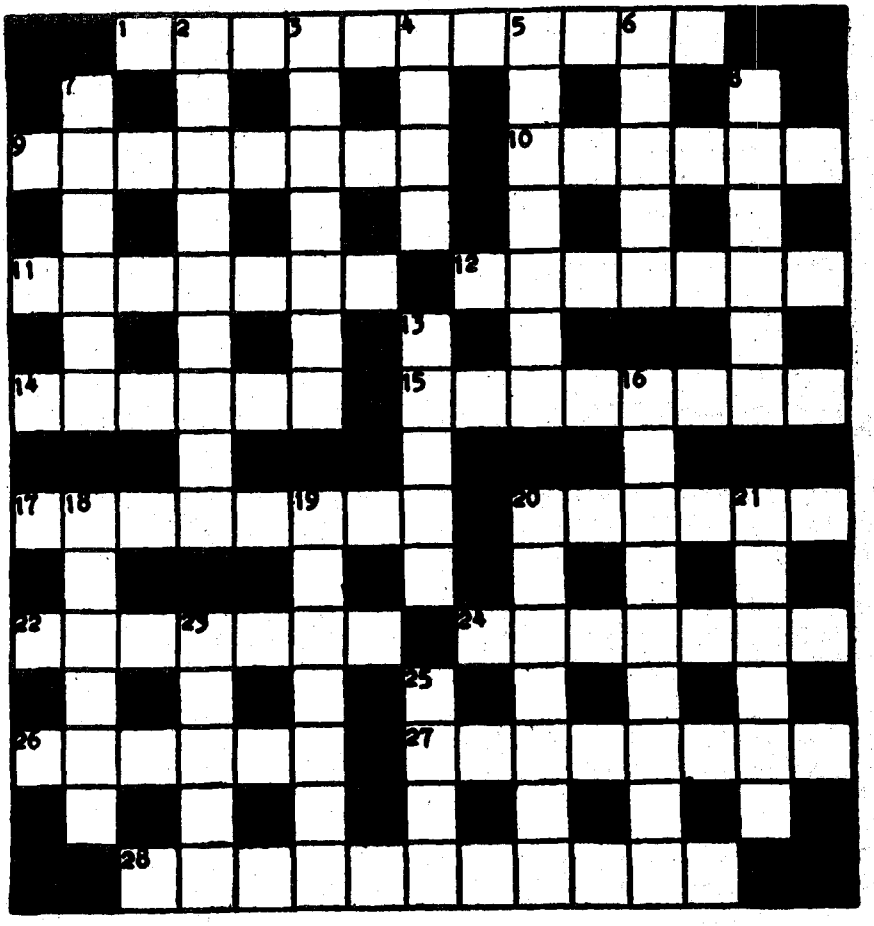
STUDIO COTTAGE, comfortably furnished living rm, sunporch, dressg rm, kitchen. Pleasant wooded grounds, co-op community w/ swimming pool. Nr. Peekskill, N.Y. one hr, fm Manhattan. Selling $8,500. Call 212/RI 9-1764 or 877-6414.

MISCELLANEOUS

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS for Prison Ministry to Rev. Charles E. Heath, Box 901, Jal, New Mexico 88252.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1731

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Those who do, couldn't tell you "17", but one has to approve trying to say it. (5,3,3)
9 Take the protection off the sides of a car—in case he may be on your side. (8)
10 You wouldn't envisage any firing, if you do. (6)
11 and 22 Not the part of the team Redskin fans like to see most—it could be murder! (7,7)
12 Not what one does, to tell the truth, about a fool making young girls. (7)
14 Proving the compact has a long way to go. (6)
15 One usually turns counterclockwise if one does something. (8)
17 Father got roped in badly, being told off this way. (4,4)
20 Not exactly so blue, but rather what a woman might wear. (6)
22 See 11 across
24 See 5 down
26 When Eva dances, such a state you'll see! (6)
27 What kept people from walking much, needs resoling badly. (3,5)
28 A word of warning before certain chess moves on board, at times. (11)

DOWN

2 Evidently it's really night, with this—as one is tying the score. (7,2)
3 The gun occasionally does—possibly approaching a mate. (3,4)
4 See 25 down
5, 8 and 24 Something isn't the portable type when this—though played many times. (3,4,4,2,4,3)
6 Obviously exists with the French, though we may refer to the British. (5)
7 What some black evidently did to Electra. (6)
8 See 5 down
13 Eating them, a girl got scared. (5)
16 Train, as they once said, an indestructible steed by implication. (4,5)
18 A barrel doesn't have to be searched with criminal intent. (6)
19 Even Al's disturbed by what they said you couldn't do to the British! (7)
20 Does it take a colleen to suggest what to do when the river can't be forded? (7)
21 How the old-fashioned one loves to have old golf clubs! (6)
23 Time to muse. (5)
25 and 4 Is it fun to have what a beggar makes? Certainly! (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1730

ACROSS: 1 Mickey Mouse; 9 Pain; 10 Nonce; 11 and 30 Port Said; 12 Paucity; 13 Starlet; 15 Barnacle; 16 Praise; 18 and 14 Parson Weems; 24 Iron age; 26 Scamper; 29 Trace; 31 French bread. DOWN: 2 and 19 Innocents Abroad; 3 Kinetic; 4 Yank; 5 One-step; 6 Super; 7 Banana; 8 Creeps; 17 Artimesia; 20, 28 and 21 Night on Bald Mountain; 22 Unclear; 23 Iberia; 25 Nadir; 27 Dash.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE FIRST AMENDMENT

[WHILE WE STILL CAN]

GOVERNMENT CENSORSHIP is about to take a great leap forward.

A government agency—The Federal Communications Commission—believes it has the right to act as our parents and restrict the broadcast of certain words at times when children just *might* be listening—*regardless of any literary, artistic, or social value or the fact that this could seriously limit free expression in the broadcast medium.*

The FCC acted after WBAI—a listener sponsored Pacifica radio station in New York—broadcast a monologue by comedian George Carlin about "seven words you can't say on TV" which satirizes how people get uptight by the use of certain words.

Their mailbox clogged with *one* letter of complaint, the FCC ruled Pacifica to be in violation of the Federal Communications Act. In deciding that a government agency has the right to tell broadcasters what they can or cannot say on the air, they essentially trampled all over the First Amendment.

When Pacifica challenged this ruling, a U.S. Court of Appeals held that the FCC had overstepped its authority in banning "indecent language" at certain hours and that it had wrongly entered into "the forbidden realm of censorship."

Undaunted, the FCC has now taken the "Carlin Case" to the Supreme Court which will consider this critically important constitutional question: *Do all First Amendment rights traditionally enjoyed by free press also extend to radio and television?*

Opposing the FCC—standing up for the right to broadcast a free flow of information and your right to hear it—is Pacifica radio. Broadcasting for thirty-two years, Pacifica is known as "First Amendment Radio," unrestricted by advertisers and committed to the presentation of all points of view.

BANNED?

The Bible
Aristophanes
Shakespeare
Jonathan Swift
Ernest Hemingway
Dylan Thomas
Chaucer
Margaret Mead
George Orwell
Lord Byron
The Nixon/Watergate Tapes

What happens in the Carlin Case will not only affect Pacifica but the entire broadcast industry as well. And this, of course, affects YOU.

It's been a tough and expensive battle for us. . . . Now we're asking for your help. Your contribution to the Pacifica First Amendment Fund will help insure that one of our most basic freedoms—the freedom of speech—will remain intact. And, it will help us keep on broadcasting words that the government would rather not hear.

THE PACIFICA FOUNDATION
(a non-profit California Corporation)
WBAI 99.5 FM, New York, N.Y.
KPFA 94.1 FM, Berkeley, CA
KPFT 90.1 FM, Houston, Texas
WPFW 89.3 FM, Washington, D.C.
KPFK 90.7 FM, Los Angeles, CA
KPFB 89.3 FM, Berkeley, CA

THIS COUPON FIGHTS CENSORSHIP

YES! I want to help save the public airwaves from the obscenity of government control. Here's my *tax deductible* contribution of

_____$100 _____$50 _____$25 _____$10 _____$ other

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

To: THE PACIFICA FIRST AMENDMENT FUND
c/o Pacifica Foundation/Box 8455/Universal City, CA 91608

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED